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Chronicle

The War.—The British have gained an important advantage on both sides of the Ancre. Almost immediately after they had lost Grandcourt, the Germans began

Bulletin, Feb. 26, to fall back on a line of about eleven
p.m.-Mar. 5, a.m. miles stretching from a point north of Hebuterne to the vicinity of

Gueudecourt. The British followed and occupied Serre, Miraumont, Pys, Warlencourt, the Butte de Warlencourt, Le Barque, Ligny, Thillois, Irlles, Puisieux-aumont, and Gommecourt. The Germans halted their withdrawal, which was conducted with precision and order, when they reached the higher ground between Bapaume and Achiet le Petit. The Central Powers have gained considerable ground from the Russians in the Putna Valley and at other points.

The British operations on the Tigris, in Mesopotamia, have culminated in an important victory. After having almost completely surrounded Kut-el-Amara, they attacked the Turks on the south bank of the Tigris at the Dahra bend of the river, defeated them and followed them across the river and cut the main line of communications on which the Turks depended for supplies. The Turks at once evacuated Kut-el-Amara and began a rapid retreat toward Ctesiphon. The British endeavored to cross the river in sufficient numbers to prevent their doing this, but the Turks made good their escape, and according to the latest reports have already retreated to Aziziyah. Up to the present, therefore, they have retreated fifty-two miles in a northerly direction. Apparently they are more or less demoralized, and it is impossible to say where they will make a stand. At the same time the Russians defeated the Turks at Hamadan in Persia.

According to the latest figures given by the British Admiralty, the German submarine campaign resulted in the sinking during the month of February of 490,000 tons. Other estimates put the figure at 502,157. During January, according to the British Admiralty, the submarines destroyed 322,167 tons, and during December 346,656 tons. The British steamship *Laconia* was sunk without warning during the night of February 25. Twenty-five Americans were on board, and three of them lost their lives. No official pronouncement at Washing-

ton has declared whether this attack is to be considered by our Government as "an overt act."

A startling disclosure, authorized by the State Department, was made by the Associated Press on the first day of March. At the very time Germany was professing a desire to maintain friendly relations with the United States, the Foreign Office at Berlin was taking measures to involve this country in war with Mexico and Japan. Evidence of the existence of this plot was given to the public by the publication of a copy of instructions sent by the German Foreign Minister Zimmermann to the German Minister in Mexico City. These instructions read as follows:

*Herr Zimmermann's
Note*

Berlin, January 19, 1917.

On the first of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement. You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain there will be an outbreak of war with the United States and suggest that the President of Mexico on his own initiative should communicate with Japan suggesting adherence at once to this plan; at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan. Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

(Signed) ZIMMERMANN.

The Senate, which received through the press the first intimation of the steps Germany had taken, at once passed a resolution asking the President to give that body, if it were not incompatible with public interest, whatever information he had concerning the note in question. The President replied immediately, inclosing in his communication to the Senate the following letter from the Secretary of State:

To the President:

The resolution adopted by the United States Senate on March 1, 1917, requesting that that body be furnished, if not incompatible with the public interest, whatever information you

have concerning the note published in the press of this date purporting to have been sent January 19, 1917, by the German Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the German Minister to Mexico, I have the honor to state that the Government is in possession of evidence which establishes the fact that the note referred to is authentic, and that it is in possession of the Government of the United States, and that the evidence was procured by this Government during the present week: but that it is in my opinion incompatible with the public interest to send to the Senate at the present time any further information in possession of the Government of the United States relative to the note mentioned in the resolution of the Senate.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) ROBERT LANSING.

The same day the Japanese Ambassador at Washington made the following statement:

With regard to the alleged German attempt to induce Japan and Mexico to make war upon the United States, made public in the press this morning, the Japanese Embassy, while lacking information as to whether such information ever reached Tokio, desires to state most emphatically that any invitation of this sort would under no circumstances have been entertained by the Japanese Government, which is in entire accord and close relations with the other Powers on account of formal agreements and our common cause and, moreover, our good friendship with the United States, which is every day growing in sincerity and cordiality.

At Tokio, on March 2, Viscount Montono, Japanese Foreign Minister, authorized the Associated Press to declare that Japan had received no proposition from either Mexico or Germany, directly or indirectly, to join in a possible war against the United States. On March 3, R. P. De Negri, who is in charge of the Mexican Embassy at Washington, published the following telegram, dated March 2, from C. Aguilar, Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Mexico:

Up to today the Mexican Government has not received from the Imperial German Government any proposition of alliance.

Whatever doubt may have been entertained in certain quarters as to the authenticity of the instructions sent from Berlin to the German Minister at Mexico City, was finally dispelled by the implicit admission of the instructions by their author, Herr Zimmermann, who authorized the official German News Bureau to make the following statement:

I fail to see how such a "plot" is inspired by unfriendliness on our part. It would mean nothing but that we would use means universally admitted in war in case the United States declared war. The most important part of the alleged plot is its conditions and form. The whole "plot" falls flat to the ground in case the United States does not declare war against us. And if we really, as the report alleges, considered the possibility of hostile acts of the United States against us, then we really had reasons to do so.

On February 26 President Wilson addressed Congress on the relations of Germany and the United States. Declaring that no overt act had occurred which should be considered a legitimate cause for war, he drew attention to the practical accomplishment of the German threat, so far at least as neutrals were concerned, and the very serious situation created by the "timidity" of ship-own-

ers who were disinclined to take the risks of sailing into the barred zones. The situation, he said, was fraught with the gravest possibilities and dangers, and it was necessary to be prepared. Accordingly he asked that Congress should give him, before the expiration of its term, full and immediate assurance of the authority which he might need at any moment to exercise. Diplomatic means had failed to safeguard American rights, and only "armed neutrality" remained. He continued:

I request that you will authorize me to supply our merchant ships with defensive arms, should that become necessary, and with the means of using them, and to employ any other instrumentalities or methods that may be necessary and adequate to protect our ships and our people in their legitimate and peaceful pursuits on the seas. I request also that you will grant me at the same time, along with the powers I ask, a sufficient credit to enable me to provide adequate means of protection where they are lacking, including adequate insurance against the present war risks.

Mr. Flood, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, proposed a bill which embodied all the requests of the President. A similar measure was introduced into the Senate. The House Armed Neutrality bill, in the amended form in which it was passed by a vote of 403 to 13, provided for the arming of merchant ships but did not confer on the President the authority to use "other instrumentalities." Action on the Senate bill was delayed until after the House bill had passed, when it was expected that the latter would be voted on favorably in the Senate. Instead of doing this the Senate debated the bill sponsored by Senator Hitchcock which included the "other instrumentalities" struck out by the House. A large majority of the Senate was in favor of passing the bill, but a small group of pacifists resorted to obstruction methods and prevented the bill from being put to the vote. Suggestions that the House bill be substituted as a compromise were not favorably received.

Mr. Wilson is understood to have assured the Senate that he could be relied upon not to take any action leading to war without having first asked and received the sanction of Congress for so doing. It is also said that the House was prepared to vote favorably on the Senate bill should it be passed. It was feared that obstruction methods and the disagreement between the Senate and the House over the amendments added by the latter to the Naval bill would prevent its passage during the present session. The bill, however, was finally passed. It carries with it the authorization for the expenditure of \$535,000,000 on the navy.

Brazil.—"A Brazilian" contributes to the *March Queen's Work*, an enlightening paper, endorsed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, which gives an account of religious conditions in Brazil and refutes the calumnies spread by the Pan-Protestant Congress of Panama. The writer testifies that "Brazil possesses one of the most moral peoples in the world," and

The Armed Neutrality Bill

Religious Conditions

in proof offers facts and statistics which show the living faith characterizing the million Catholics who belong to the archdiocese of S. Paulo. For Brazil, he remarks, if the Protestant charges are true, should be "one of the States in which the alleged vices and immorality of the Catholic republics of South America are most prevalent." He asserts, however, that:

Ninety-five members of the regular clergy, 301 of the secular, 631 religious women, 509 of them professed, are working in the 56 parishes of the archdiocese of S. Paulo. There are 204 religious Catholic associations with 66,997 members. They annually spend the equivalent of about \$139,000 in American coinage in various charitable works of society utility. . . . There are 352 religious buildings, viz.: 96 churches, 120 chapels, with resident priests, and 136 without resident pastors. About 15 mother churches are in active construction. . . . There are in the archdiocese 63 establishments for instruction, distributed into 18 colleges, 34 schools, and 11 asylums. Thousands of students receive gratuitous education there. Moreover there are 15 charitable institutions.

Let us now see, in the moral state of the population, what are the practical results of all this work. The best index of this is the family, that mother-cell of all society. To begin with, the number of baptisms and Catholic marriages almost equals the number of births and marriages recorded in the civil registers. In examining the civil statistics, we learn that in the year 1912 the record of births was 29,846, and the number of baptisms 26,449. In fact, the number of unbaptized children is not above 5 per cent.

It is the same in regard to religious marriages and those registered in civil records. In allusion to this matter, the Protestants said at Panama that from one-fourth to one-half of the population is illegitimate, that is, offspring of illicit unions. Utterly to confute this calumny, we need only examine the annual civil statistics of S. Paulo. In the year 1913, 16,782 births were registered in the municipality of the capital, or city of S. Paulo, where the modern and the old agents of demoralization are more conspicuous. Well, 15,902 of these births were legitimate and 880 illegitimate—a relation of only 5.53 per cent. . . . We are very far from the fourth part, as the Protestants affirmed; a fifth of this fourth part; so they have to admit that they were calumnious. In substance, this fact is verified all through the dioceses of Brazil.

"We can see in the presence of the facts and statistics," triumphantly concludes the author of the article, "what is the value of the statements made by the members of the congress at Panama concerning the reputation of South American women and the paganism of the inhabitants of the continent."

Cuba.—It has been officially announced that Government troops have captured Camaguey. The rebels fled after offering a slight resistance. Reports from Santa Clara indicate that heavy fighting in that province resulted in the defeat of rebel forces under Gerardo Machado and Sanchez del Portal. The rebels lost fifteen killed and 118 wounded. The Government losses were insignificant. Colonel Betancourt, whose forces have been strengthened, is facing the rebels at Santiago, the only place on the island where the military situation offers any serious problem.

Progress of the Revolt

While, on the whole, President Menocal and his Gov-

ernment control the situation, there are certain elements which are causing him and the Conservatives no slight alarm. General transportation is at a standstill in Oriente and Camaguey provinces, and Santiago, the second largest port, is still controlled by the rebels. The President is reported to be optimistic but business prospects are gloomy. Revolutionary leaders are relying on American intervention to save them from punishment, and it is predicted that to force intervention they will destroy cane and mills. If this is done, the Cuban Government, it is said, cannot with the forces at its command hold the towns, keep the railroads open, and at the same time break up the rebel bands.

Jose Miguel Gomez, whose troops clashed recently with loyal troops, is said to have the principal voice among the three or four revolutionary leaders who control the policy of the revolt. If that policy should be the destruction on a large scale of private or public property, only quick action on the part of the United States, it is declared, can prevent large losses. Aware of the embarrassment that revolutionary conditions in nearby Latin-American republics might cause the United States in case of hostilities with Germany, the State Department at Washington has carefully surveyed the situation in Cuba, Mexico and Central America, as it assumes that the enemy would naturally seize the opportunity to organize operations against us in these countries. It has been indicated that it was that danger which partially at least influenced President Wilson in sending to Havana and to all the capitals of the Central American states the warning of its intended policy of non-recognition of any government attaining power by revolutionary and illegal means.

France.—The Chamber of Deputies recently adopted by 337 votes against 152 an additional clause to the bill ordering the reexamination by the medical authorities of

The Sixte-Quenin the men previously pronounced unfit
Amendment for military service. The amend-
ment was brought in by M. Sixte-

Quenin, the notorious anti-clerical Socialist, who demanded that all the mobilized priests at present engaged in the hospital and ambulance services be sent to the front. That M. Sixte-Quenin should present the amendment caused no surprise, for his anti-clerical activities have long since pointed him out as one of the most pronounced and bitter enemies of all that is Catholic. But the action of the Chamber in adopting the amendment with such a large majority came as a shock to the public at large and to the members who had the courage to vote against it.

The motives which induced M. Sixte-Quenin to bring in his amendment were clearly made known by that gentleman himself. He openly avowed himself a priest-hater. According to him there are 12,000 priests in the sanitary services. The figures may be exaggerated. Even were they correct, it can be said in all justice that only those priests who have a right to be thus engaged

are actually occupied in the duties of that service. It has never been officially stated how many priests and seminarians and religious have been called or have voluntarily flocked to the colors. It is probable that the number is very nearly 30,000. Some have placed it even higher.

Though M. Sixte-Quenin's amendment was carried, the mover of the amendment was not left without an answer. The courageous and eloquent Catholic Deputy, M. Grousseau, whose services in the Chamber to the Faith and the cause of true patriotism are well known, stood up for the outraged priests and plainly showed how unjust and uncalled for was the amendment offered. Among other things M. Grousseau said:

If you imagine that at the present moment there is no reason for you to take into account the mentality of foreign countries you make a great mistake, and you run counter to the veritable interests of our country. And that is all the more grave, because the clergy have conducted themselves admirably. It is right that it should be proclaimed from this tribunal. . . . No fewer than 2,000 priests have been killed in battle. And what about the members of the religious Congregations? Those monks, who were driven out of their country, returned immediately the hour of danger struck. I will only point to one example. About 600 mobilized Jesuits returned to France on the morrow of the declaration of war. They arrived from all parts of the world—from Syria, China, Madagascar, etc. Already 120 have been killed on the battlefield. Where has such heroism been surpassed?

General Lyautey, Minister of War, and the other Ministers present at the sitting, with the exception of M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior, voted against the adoption of M. Sixte-Quenin's additional clause. And M. Millerand, who was absent and who had been accused by the Socialist Deputy of having favored the mobilized priests by admitting them into the sanitary services while he was at the head of the War Department, wrote a letter, inserted in all the journals of the capital, explaining that only those priests designated for those services by the Council of State in a decree of March 31st, 1911, had been incorporated in them. In its untimely display of anti-clerical bigotry the Chamber has therefore openly violated the law.

Ireland.—Mr. John Dillon, Nationalist, in moving some days ago an adjournment of the House of Commons to call the attention of the House and the Government to the recent arrest of several Irishmen, admitted that the situation in Ireland was extremely serious and said that the Government had taken good care that it should remain so. "These arrests," Mr. Dillon said, "showed a sign of a change of policy in Ireland. The men were being banished without any reason being assigned. Unless the Government was prepared to put them on trial and formulate charges against them, it had no right to ask for a blank check for its policy." Mr. Dillon added that Ireland was living under martial law. He added that the arrests in Ireland were "inconceivably stupid." He accused the Government of reversing the

policy of the last Government, and predicted that the policy of provocation would continue until some bloody explosion or horrible disaster occurred in Ireland. It was a strange coincidence, he said, that the arrests occurred just prior to the date fixed for the Irish debate in Parliament. "There existed," Mr. Dillon declared, "a section of the people in England which did not desire a contented and united Ireland, but wanted to drive Ireland back to rebellion and hatred of England. The Government's recent policy had created Sinn Feiners by the thousand and had maddened the country."

Mr. Duke, the Secretary for Ireland, replied to Mr. Dillon. He denied that there had been any change in the policy of the Government towards Ireland, or that the arrests had been due to any new policy of repression. The majority of the men, he asserted, who had been ordered to reside in England, had devoted themselves to reviving the conspiracy which had such fatal results last Easter. Had there been a few judicious arrests, he said, before Easter, there would have been no rebellion.

Continuing, the Secretary declared that if he told all that he knew, he would satisfy the House that what had been done had been resolved upon with regret, but was justified by absolute necessity. He declined to enter into details on the ground of public policy, explaining that he was not going to unfold a tale which would enable the accomplices of those arrested to know all that he knew. He concluded by saying that he himself, the Inspector-General of the Constabulary, and Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Mahon, commander of the forces in Ireland, assumed all responsibility for what had been done. Mr. Bonar Law spoke in the same vein as the Secretary and Mr. Dillon's motion was eventually quashed.

Rome.—A Committee whose purpose it is to provide for the spiritual needs of the soldiers in the army has done splendid work. The Committee started at the beginning of the war as a local organization at Turin. But with the help of the Catholic Women's Union which

The Army's Spiritual Needs

took up its program, it gathered in other small societies existing for the same end, and then established a center in Rome and took the name of National Committee for Religious Assistance in the Army. The military Bishop, Mgr. Bartholomasi, deservedly regards it as a considerable help to him in the business of providing for the spiritual wants of the troops, and it has won the patronage and the support of the highest civil, ecclesiastical and military dignitaries. One of the principal aims of the Committee is to supply the military posts and cantonments with everything necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. Complete outfits, with vestments, linen, and a portable altar have been distributed in great numbers. Thanks to the efforts and the practical methods of the Committee, the faith and the piety of the troops have been greatly increased and the results have been in the highest way beneficial.

Mr. Dillon's Warning

History of Spontaneous Generation

BERTRAM C. WINDLE, M.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.

THE names of great Catholic men of science, laymen like Pasteur and Müller, or ecclesiastics like Stensen and Mendel, are familiar to all educated persons. But even such persons, or at least a great majority of them, are quite ignorant of the goodly band of workers in science who were devout children of the Church. Nothing perhaps more fully exemplifies this than the history of the controversy respecting the subject whose name is set down as the title of this paper. For centuries a controversy raged at intervals around the question of spontaneous generation. Did living things originate, not merely in the past but every day, from non-living matter? When we consider such things as the once mysterious appearance of maggots in meat it is not wonderful that in the days before the microscope the answer was in the affirmative.

Today the question may be considered almost closed. True, the negative proposition cannot be proved, hence it is impossible to say that spontaneous generation does not take place. However, the scientific world is at one in the belief that so far all attempts to prove it have failed utterly.

St. Thomas Aquinas had a celebrated and sometimes misunderstood controversy with Avicenna, a very famous Arabian philosopher. It was a philosophical, but not strictly scientific, controversy, for both persons accepted or assumed the existence of spontaneous generation. Avicenna claimed that it took place by the powers of nature alone, whilst St. Thomas adopted the attitude which we should adopt today, were spontaneous generation shown to be a fact, namely, that if nature possessed this power, it was because the Creator had willed it so.

We come to close quarters with the question itself in 1668 when Francesco Redi (1626-1697) published his book on the generation of insects and showed that meat protected from flies by wire gauze or parchment, did not develop maggots, whilst meat left unprotected did. From this and from other experiments he was led to formulate the theory that in all cases of apparent production of life from dead matter the real explanation was that living germs from outside had been introduced into it. For a long time this view held the field. Redi was, as his name indicates, an Italian, an inhabitant of Aretino, a poet as well as a physician and scientific worker. He was physician to two of the grand dukes of Tuscany and an academician of the celebrated *Accademia della Crusca*. Those works which I have been able to consult on the subject say nothing about his religion, but there can scarcely be any doubt that he was a Catholic. At any rate there is no doubt whatever as to the other persons now to be mentioned in connection with the controversy

which again became active about a century after Redi had published his book. The antagonists on this occasion were both of them Catholic priests and both of them deserve some brief notice.

John Turberville Needham (1713-1781) was born in London and belonged on both sides to old Catholic families. He was educated at Douay and ordained priest at Cambray in 1738. After teaching in that place for some time, he journeyed to England and became headmaster of the once celebrated school for Catholic boys at Twyford, near Winchester. From there he went for a short time to Lisbon as professor of philosophy in the English College. Subsequently he traveled with various peers making "the grand tour." After that he retired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the *Académie des Sciences*. He was the first director of the Imperial Academy in Brussels; a canon, first of Dendermonde and afterward of Soignies. He died in Brussels and was buried in the Abbey of Condenberg. Needham was a man of really great scientific attainments and perhaps nothing proves the estimation in which he was held more than the fact that in 1746 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, being the first Catholic priest to become a member of that distinguished body. When one remembers the attitude at that time, and much later, of Englishmen toward Catholics it is clear that Needham's claims to distinction must have been more than ordinarily great. His clear, firm signature is still to be seen in the charter-book of the society and it is interesting to note that he signs his name "Turberville Needham." Needham did not confine his attention to science, for he was an ardent antiquary and in 1761 was elected a fellow of that other ancient and exclusive body, the Society of Antiquaries of London. In this connection it may be mentioned that Needham published, in 1761, a book which caused a great sensation, for he endeavored to show that he could translate an Egyptian inscription by means of Chinese characters, in other words that the forms of writing were germane to one another. He was shown to be quite wrong by some of the learned Jesuits of the day who, with the assistance of Chinese men of letters proved that the resemblances to which Needham had called attention were merely superficial.

But our interest now is in his controversy with Spallanzani. Lazaro Spallanzani (1729-1799) was born at Scandiano in Modena and educated at the Jesuit College at Reggio di Modena. There was some question as to his entering the Society; he did not do so, however, but repaired to the University of Bologna, where his kinswoman, Laura Bassi, was then professor of physics. He became a priest, but devoted his life to teaching and

experimenting. He must have been something of what we in Ireland used to call a "polymath" for he professed at one time or another in various universities, logic, metaphysics, Greek and finally natural history. He first explained the physics of what children call "ducks and drakes" made by flat pebbles on water; laid the foundations of meteorology and vulcanology and is perhaps best of all known in connection with what is termed "regeneration" in the earthworm and above all in the salamander. His experiments still hold the field in a region of study which has vastly extended itself in recent years, becoming of prime importance in the vitalistic controversy. In the dispute, however, with which we are concerned Needham and Spallanzani defended opposite positions. The former, as the result of his observations, asserted that, in spite of the boiling and sealing up of organic fluids, life did appear in them. His opponent claimed that Needham's experiments had not been sufficiently precise. The latter had enclosed his fluids in bottles fitted with ordinary corks, covered with mastic varnish, whilst Spallanzani, employing flasks with long necks which he could and did seal by heat when the contents were boiling, showed that in that case no life was produced. He declared, and correctly too, as we now know, that Needham's methods did permit of the introduction of something from without. The controversy went to sleep again until the discovery of oxygen by Priestley in 1774. When it had been shown that oxygen was essential to the existence of all forms of life, the question arose as to whether the boiling of the organic

fluids in the earlier experiments had not expelled all the oxygen and thus prevented the existence and development of any life.

In the further experiments which this query gave rise to, we meet with another illustrious Catholic name, that of Theodor Schwann, better known as the originator of that fundamental piece of scientific knowledge, the cell-theory. Theodor Schwann (1810-1882) was born at Neuss and educated by the Jesuits, first at Cologne, afterward at Bonn. After studying at the Universities of Würzburg and Berlin he became professor in the Catholic University of Louvain, where his name was one of the principal glories of this now wrecked seat of learning. Thence he went as professor to Liège, where he died. He was, says his biography in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," "of a peculiarly gentle and amiable character and remained a devout Catholic throughout his life." Schwann's experiments tended to show that the introduction of air—of course containing oxygen—did not lead to the production of life, if the air had first been thoroughly sterilized. It was thought that this question had been finally answered when it was reopened by Pouchet, in 1859. He was a Frenchman, the director of the Natural History Museum of Rouen, but as to his religious views I have no information. It is quite probable, however, that he was a Catholic. Pouchet and all on his side were finally—so far as there can be finality in such a matter—disposed of by Pasteur, of whose distinction as a man of science and devoutness as a Catholic nothing need be said.

The Synthesis of Modernism

J. B. TIBBITS

IN a somewhat recent volume entitled, "Rise of Modern Religious Ideas," Professor A. C. McGiffert, of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, New York, publishes a series of lectures whose theme and scope are indicated by their title. It is hardly to be expected that they would contain much that is original, or that they would exhibit the usual painstaking scholarship so characteristic of their author. It is something, however, to have an epitome of other men's ideas upon a most interesting subject ably and concisely presented; and this Dr. McGiffert has amply succeeded in giving us.

The book is written in the interests of the new theology, and its thesis appears to be the one permanent and central idea around which the new theology revolves. That idea is the essentially dynamic nature of Christianity. Its evolution is at once the measure and the test of its vitality; and to that evolution the opinions of the various thinkers, which the professor has collected and explained, are regarded as contributing.

With this particular view of religion I am not at all concerned, though it is interesting to note its striking contrast with what one might term the traditional or historical view. For whereas it has heretofore been considered one of the primary objects of religion to change mankind, Dr. McGiffert, on the contrary, appears to think it one of the primary objects of mankind to change religion.

However this may be, it is not so much my purpose to discuss it as to call attention to two opinions expressed by the professor, which are certainly stimulating, if not to thought, at least to curiosity; and which have the added interest of being not merely of the speculative order, but of having a bearing and significance distinctly practical.

The first of these refers to the doctrine of personal immortality, and its relation to theology. Professor McGiffert appears to think that there should be no relation, and that theology should pursue its course without regard

to any life other than the present. He does not indeed deny that there may be another. He simply prescind from the question. It is, to his view, an independent matter, subject, like any scientific theory, to evidence and to proof. As far as theology is concerned it might better be handed over to the societies for psychical research.

Now one is much inclined to regret that the professor did not treat this somewhat startling proposition more exhaustively, and explain of just what significance or value theology would be, were its relation confined exclusively to this life. That it must have some significance to him seems obvious, for it is to be remembered that he is no opponent of religion, but rather an apologist for it; and a professor, moreover, in a supposedly Christian theological seminary. The importance of theology, viewed in the perspective of the future life and eternity, is apparent enough to anyone. But once this perspective is destroyed, it seems to be apparent only to the new theologians. And because there are still many who are not new theologians, it is a positive misfortune that Dr. McGiffert has failed to enlighten them upon a matter which seems so clear to him as to be almost self-evident.

But the professor's second proposition arouses even more curiosity than the first. It is, indeed, a logical consequence of it: but it is at once more startling and more striking. As he has removed from theology all relations with the life that is to come, so he would divorce piety from what he is pleased to call "other-worldliness"; and he would direct its energies to the various forms of social service, and thus strive to realize the Kingdom of God on earth.

Now it may be said in passing that the piety of the past has not been wholly oblivious of these things; but the real question is, not so much what form the piety of the new theology will take, but whether there will be any piety in any form. It is difficult at times to see these things from their standpoint; but it is quite easy to see, from the standpoint of reason, that once our conception of life is bounded by the respective limits of the cradle and the grave, that not only does piety lose every rational foundation, but also every rational motive. If it exists at all, it is wholly an affair of mere sentiments and impressions.

In saying this I am perfectly well aware that much of the piety of those who are and have been least of all under the influence of the new theology is dependent upon sentiment as its proximate cause; but there is a very valid distinction between sentiments which are founded on reason and those which are not. Thus, many actions would be rational in a Catholic which would be irrational in a pagan. The Catholic, indeed, might practise humility from his love of Christ and his desire to imitate Christ's example. His antecedent faith would rationalize it all. He might voluntarily surrender an undoubted and unquestionable right in the most direct and flagrant contrast to the *suum cuique* of the Roman moralists. And although he might be immediately moved

by sentiment, yet would his religion, painted as it is upon a background of eternity, justify his act in reason. Subtract this background of eternity from the perspective of life, and piety has no place in it. It is as unreasonable as it is absurd.

And it is useless for Dr. McGiffert to urge that goodness is its own reward, and that experience is an ample proof of the value of the Christian life; for what he is pleased to call "experience" turns out, upon analysis, to be merely the complacency which results from certain acts; and it is quite as illogical to measure the value of an act by the complacency which it evokes as by the sentiment which was its cause. It is the folly of measuring one sentiment by another, after having deprived all sentiments of their rational ground; and if taken seriously, would be quite as destructive to morals as it would be to piety.

And yet, absurd as this error of Dr. McGiffert undoubtedly is, it is only one illustration of a far deeper error which is common, not only to the new theology, but to all Protestantism. That error is impressionism. In substituting it consciously or unconsciously for authority, the reformers of the sixteenth century destroyed the rational perspective of religion; and they thus made it possible for the new theologians of the twentieth century to destroy the rational perspective of life. It is impossible to justify one and not the other; for widely separated as they are both by time and by faith, the cardinal principles of Martin Luther and Dr. McGiffert are identical. It is true, in a sense, that the one is a legitimate evolution from the other; but the same is equally true of any thing else, from the Oxford Movement to Christian Science. *Ex absurdo sequitur quodlibet*.

Just to what extent the theology of Dr. McGiffert marks a milestone in the course of Protestantism, would be an interesting matter for discussion; but many who look at it from a broader point of view will be firm in the belief that it marks retrogression rather than advance. Two facts, however, are of more than passing interest to the student of the psychology of religion. The first is the tenacity of the claim, made by the professor and his school, that the system which they represent is Christianity, and that they themselves are Christians. They thus do not hesitate to endow words with meanings totally at variance with universal custom. Ordinarily a Christian is a follower of Christ. With the new theologians it means that in certain respects Christ has anticipated them.

And the other is that curious transposition of faculties, which though implicit in the older Protestantism is so strikingly explicit in the new, and which seems to be the intellectual basis of its entire literature; so much so that as Modernism has been called the synthesis of all heresies so this, in a way, might be called the synthesis of all Modernism. The feelings are made to perform the functions of the reason.

Father McKenna: Missioner

IGNATIUS SMITH, O.P.

THE Very Reverend Charles H. McKenna, whose death last month was mourned by thousands, was born May 8, 1835, in the hamlet of Fallalea, County Derry, Ireland, the youngest of ten children. His parents were prosperous farmers, but his father died when he was two years of age and the family became almost poverty-stricken through calamities which ruined their stock and crops. Father McKenna from his earliest days cherished an ambition to become a priest, and it was always his intention to enter the Order of Preachers. In 1848, when Father McKenna was but thirteen years of age, his mother emigrated from Ireland and came to Lancaster, Pa., leaving her youngest boy with the oldest son in Ireland, that he might continue his studies and eventually satisfy his priestly yearnings. Three years later, however, the future Father McKenna left Ireland and joined his mother at Lancaster and attended the public schools there. As the family was still very poor, in order to obtain money to continue his education he learned the trade of stone-cutting, and in 1855 was drawn to Dubuque, by the prospect of better work and more wages. All during his years as a laborer he constantly read and studied with an idea of eventually entering the Dominican novitiate.

While in Dubuque, with the help of Bishop Smith, young McKenna acquired a knowledge of Latin and in September, 1859, entered the Dominican College at Sin-sinawa. By the most diligent study and through the special attention shown him by the Fathers he rapidly completed his classical studies and entered the novitiate at Somerset, O., in 1862. He made his religious profession a year later, and during his time of probation stood out among his brother-religious as a man with an intense zeal for the things of God. Ordained priest by Archbishop Purcell in Cincinnati, October 13, 1867, he then repaired to St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., where he continued his studies and directed the training of the novices until 1870. In October of that year he was assigned to St. Vincent Ferrer Convent, New York, to join the Eastern band of missionaries. Elected Prior, eight years later, of St. Louis Bertrand Convent, Louisville, he was appointed in 1880 head of the missions. The following year the title of Preacher General was conferred upon him by his Order in recognition of his invaluable services to religion.

In 1893, prompted by a desire to give himself up exclusively to the extension of the Holy Name Society and the Confraternity of the Rosary, he resigned as head of the missions, plunged into his new apostolate, and in October, 1900, was made National Director of the Holy Name Society and the Rosary Confraternity. His work in the interest of these devotions was interrupted at times by an occasional mission. In 1906, broken in health, he was sent by his superiors on a pilgrimage to the Holy

Land. Returning home but slightly improved, he continued to carry on his work until September 3, 1914, when he broke down completely. Since that time his life has been a struggle against death. His one hope was to live until October of this year to celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination.

But it was not to be, for Father McKenna died February 20, at Jacksonville, Fla., where he had been sent by his superiors to recover his broken health. Though it had been known for some time that Father McKenna was failing rapidly, the remarkable vitality he displayed on former occasions when he rallied from serious attacks, led many of his friends to hope for his recovery. The appreciation of his remarkable services to the Church in the United States was attested at his funeral, which took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and was attended by Cardinal Farley, a number of prelates, hundreds of priests, and almost 5,000 of the Faithful, more than 25,000 of whom had viewed the dead missionary's remains as they lay in state during three days in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the remarkable work that Father McKenna did for the welfare of the Church in the United States. He took up the apostolate begun by Father Tom Burke, O.P., with whom he was very intimate, and continued it for almost fifty years. The effect of his preaching has been felt in nearly every city and town of the country. If he had done nothing more than develop the Holy Name Society he would have earned the grateful remembrance of laity and clergy throughout the land. His zeal for this Society was inspired by his often expressed love for the laboring man and his conviction that the Holy Name Society would eventually be the solution of the labor problem by knitting Catholic men more closely to the Church through the profession of their belief in the Divinity of Christ and through the practice of monthly Communion. When Father McKenna began his Holy Name work it was forbidden to erect the Holy Name Society in more than one church in a city, and that preferably a Dominican church. The zealous director for many years obtained a dispensation from this law for individual churches, and finally, in 1896, succeeded in having the law set aside altogether. This, together with the crusade of preaching he carried on for the Holy Name Society, was largely responsible for its remarkable development. Father McKenna's interest in promoting vocations to the priesthood was most remarkable. A conservative estimate places the number of priests who through financial and spiritual help owe their education and ordination to him, at 200. Realizing from his own early struggles the condition of the boy who aspires to the priesthood but has no means to pay his way, he collected with the permission of his superiors funds from his rich friends for the education of these poor boys and some of these spiritual sons of the "venerable apostle" now belong to the Church's Hierarchy.

"The Leak" and Dictographs

J. HARDING FISHER, S.J.

TWO recent events have shocked Americans in their sense of justice: the one a violation of the rights of man as man, and the other of his rights as a citizen. Conversations between a lawyer and his client, between a physician and his patient were recorded on the dictograph without the knowledge and against the will of those concerned; and an important diplomatic secret was alleged to have been communicated to certain favored individuals who made huge profits on the New York Stock Exchange on account of the knowledge thus received. In the former case confidence in the recognition of the sacredness of professional secrets was rudely shaken; and in the case of the "leak," scandal was caused by the alleged violation of an official obligation. The first instance was a violation of commutative justice; the latter if it really took place, was a violation of distributive justice.

All secrets, in their own order, are inviolable. Every man has a right to secrecy concerning his hidden thoughts and private affairs. Professional secrets, in particular, enjoy a special immunity, because it may practically always be assumed that manifestation of them will cause the one to whom they pertain either injury or displeasure or both. Physicians and lawyers are bound in conscience not to make known what they have heard in consultation. They must scrupulously safeguard the disclosures made by their patients or clients, and this for many reasons. Their obligation to maintain silence is based, first of all, on charity, or, as it is commonly designated in such cases, on professional courtesy; it arises also from fidelity which in turn is rooted on the implicit promise they make not to betray a solemn trust; and lastly, it is founded on a claim of strict justice, to which they make themselves liable by the tacit contract which is implied in their accepting, as professional advisers, the confidence of those who consult them.

Apart, however, from the right to secrecy which prevails against revelation by those who have been consulted, there is another right which safeguards professional as well as other secrets against revelation. A secret is a personal possession, to the exclusive use of which a man has a right similar to his right to the exclusive use of the material things, over which he has dominion; with this difference, that being more intimately connected with its possessor, it carries with it a higher degree of inviolability. Without theft, therefore, a secret cannot be wrested from a man against his will, or used contrary to his wishes. The stigma which is connected with plagiarism bears witness to the truth of the contention that a man's thoughts are a real and valuable possession. In some cases, as for instance, the vio-

lation of copyright or patent rights, legislation has provided an action in law against the offender.

It is clear, then, that unless a man's right to his secret has been abdicated by his own free choice, or forfeited for some reason or other, or superseded for the time being by a higher right, he has a title founded in justice to the undisturbed possession of it. This is the reason why eavesdropping has always been regarded with contempt. On the same principle, to open and read another's letter without his consent, either actual, tacit or presumed, is not only dishonorable but sinful, and in many places is a criminal offense, punishable by the State. The scrutiny to which letters, passing in and out of the belligerent countries, are now subjected, is not a denial of the right in question, but the exercise of a higher right, namely that of the State. When normal conditions have been restored, the right of private persons, now held in abeyance, will again come into play. It is to be noted, moreover, that in censoring the mails, the various Governments are exercising a right precisely similar to that of individuals, namely, the right to protect secrets.

From what has been said it follows that the use of the dictograph to obtain knowledge of a professional secret is an act of injustice, except in the very extraordinary circumstances given above.

Whether or not a "leak" actually took place, and whether or not the officials of the Government were in any way responsible for it, are matters of fact which were not demonstrated to any one's satisfaction; and in fairness to the Government it should be said that United States officials have not been implicated in the scandal by any evidence of a convincing nature. What is of interest is the other fact that the report of the leak called forth a storm of disapproval. The country at large was of the opinion that such a thing, if it should actually take place, would be a serious betrayal of a governmental obligation. It does credit to the American sense of justice that the protest was practically universal; but it must be confessed that the arguments put forward in support of the protest were more often than not, very cloudy in their grasp of the ethical principles at stake. If a leak took place, it was morally unjustifiable because it was a violation of a duty that the State owes to citizens.

In a democracy, and the same applies in a measure to all forms of government, all citizens are equal, all have the same right to participate, without let or hindrance, in the enjoyment of a common good. In selecting the recipients of positions or emoluments which can be conferred on individual members, the principle of choice may be fitness or merit; but discrimination in behalf of special individuals to the detriment of the rest of the

community, when there is question of a good that may affect all alike, is unjust. When the State has at its disposal a good that touches the interests of the entire citizen body, there must be no preference; the Government must be strictly impartial, it must give no advantage to one citizen over his fellows; not friendship but membership in the commonwealth is the claim which the State must take into consideration in the distribution of State favors that have a general application.

Applying this principle, which is fundamental in statecraft, to the question of the leak, any one can see that if advance information of the President's peace message was communicated by public officials to one or more speculators and withheld from all others, clear injustice was done to the vast majority of the community. The President's projected effort in behalf of peace was a step calculated by its very nature to influence the Stock Market; and as a consequence it was foreseen that it could not but have a direct effect on the financial status of a great number of citizens and an indirect effect on the welfare of the entire country. Information concerning it was a thing that affected in a measure all citizens. It was certain to bring about a rapid depreciation in values. If any official gave a "tip" to his friends, he abused his official position to give some citizens a tremendous advantage over their competitors. Every one in the United States had a right to be put on the same level with regard to information about the peace plea; Governmental ethics demanded that all citizens should be given an equal chance to make or to save fortunes. If discrimination was shown, it should be considered a breach of public trust and an act of clear injustice.

Saint Patrick and the Kingdom Dolorous

AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D.

*"Vid' io mille visi, cagnazzi
Fatti per freddo."*

Inferno, xxvii.

WHEN Saint Patrick was an old man he went one day to the Dun of King Laeghaire, in Ulster, to try again to convert the King. As he approached the gate of the Dun he saw a strangely beautiful girl standing in a white war-chariot and near her was a retinue of about thirty galloglasses. The girl was clothed in a pale green robe, of soft wool embroidered at the lower hem with the caste-colors of the nobility. There was a fillet of flat silver links about her forehead, and her hair shimmered red and garnet as a bronze helmet by a camp-fire. Two heavy braids of it went down from her shoulders in front to her knees, and ended in cusps of gold. She was very tall, and the bloom of her face was like the inner petals of a briar rose, or as rowan berries in the new snow. When the chariot horses moved restlessly and pawed the ground, she swayed with the rhythms of June wheat under the touch of the south wind. As Saint Patrick drew near her, she stepped down from the chariot, and went toward him drifting like the shadow of a gull on the sea, her fair head bowed, her great gray eyes raised toward him in veneration. She knelt in the dust of the road.

"Holy Father in Christ, I crave thy blessing!" she said, and the lovely face of her was a good thought coming from God into the soul.

The big old man towered above her, his eyes above the white beard softened with the peace of Christ. He held his hands over her and prayed silently. Then he said, "May the blessing of the Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon thee, and remain with thee forever." Then he spoke directly to her: "Brigid, daughter of Duoha, son of Dremrigh, thou hast been raised up for the salvation of many in this land and in lands yet unknown; the Mary of the Gael thou shalt be until His second coming!"

The girl looked startled. "Is it myself thou meanest, holy Father in God? How would I be saving any one, and my father this minute in with the King himself, complaining how I do be giving away all his gear to the poor? When Christ's poor come crying to me they burn the heart of me, and I give what is near me—God forgive me!"

"Brigid, give only what is really thine to give."

The old Saint's reproof was very gentle with long uses in the charity of God, but the glorious head of her bowed, and the tears trembled over her long lashes. Saint Patrick left her there and went into the Dun. She rose with the brown dust on her robe and stood with her white arm bent along the black mane of the high chariot horse, her forehead on her arm, her eyes downcast. Beside her hanging on the horse's hame, where he had left it before going in to the King, was her father's sword, part of his chieftain-stipend from the King, a gilt Roman sword taken from Britain by Nial the Great, and Duoha's first treasure.

"Christ, forgive my sin!" Brigid whispered brokenly.

While she stood there a beggar came along the road; an old man in filthy rags, with face drawn from suffering, and the green juice of chewed grass and sorrel at the edges of his trembling mouth.

"Noble woman," he whined quickly to Brigid, watching the soldiers furtively lest they beat him away. "For the love of our new God, an alms!"

A galloglas strode toward the beggar. "Let be!" Brigid commanded quietly. She opened the sporaun at her belt, but it was empty. She looked about confused, still distraught at what Saint Patrick had said; then mechanically she lifted her father's sword from the horse's hame and gave it to the beggar.

"Here, brother, in the name of Christ!"

The beggar snatched the sword, thrust it under his cloak, and shuffled off along the road. A clansman stole away after him, and beyond the Dun the galloglas seized the old man, put the point of his dirk at the shriveled throat and wrested the chief's precious sword from him. The beggar was about to cry to Brigid, but the galloglas struck him on the head with the butt of his dirk and knocked him shuddering into the wayside ditch.

"Thou dirty villain, thou can't thank the holy bishop, Patrick, it is not the other end of the dirk I gave thee between the ribs, and thy claws on the Chief's sword itself!"

Brigid still stood at the horse's shoulder repenting her sin. Presently her father came out of the Dun, and walked over to her. His forehead was wrinkled peevishly, as if his audience with the King had not been pleasant.

"Come!" he snapped. "Away with us out of this. That old Christian priest has the heads of all the amadans in Ireland turned, from Laeghaire himself down. May the Black Worm destroy me! but when I told the King how it is ruining me thou art entirely, Girl, sure he laughed at me to my teeth!"

The Chief went to the horse's hame to get his sword.

"Where is the sword?" he roared at the giolla beside his daughter. The man flushed and was silent. Brigid looked up.

"Ara, father," she said, "a poor man was here this moment with the hunger of all the world in his two eyes, and I had

nothing but the sword. I gave it to the creature the way he might sell it and get a bite to eat."

"Thou didst, is it!" he gasped. "Well may I never sin but this beats Mor Rigu herself!"

Then the reason she was there at the King's Dun, and what she had just done flooded in upon Brigid's mind in an instant. She threw back her lovely head and laughed, like the chiming of the bells on the riders of the Sidhe, until she had to take hold of the horse's mane to support herself. Her father gazed at her with dropped jaw. While she was laughing the clansman who had recovered the sword from the beggar came up, and handed the weapon to the Chief to placate him. As Duoha was pulling the belt-end through the buckle he growled:

"Troth, I will let thee go down to Leinster, then, tomorrow to the priest, Mel, as thou hast been pestering me to let thee; thou and thy maidens; and well quit it is I shall be of all of ye, bad cess to ye!"

Saint Patrick came out of the Dun, and he, with Brigid and her father, went down the Leinster road, the clansman marching behind them with the afternoon sun rippling along their moving spearheads. A few miles down the road in a hollow between hills they came to a pagan cromlech, and they saw leaning against one of its stones a tall man, hoary with extreme old, with a white beard below his cincture, and gazing at them with sad eyes. The man was raimented in costly robes of an outland fashion. He tottered out to the road leaning on a light casting spear, and said:

I am Oisín, the archpoet, son of Fionn, son of Cumhall. It is come back from the Tir na n-Og, where I have sojourned as long as the Daughters of Lir swam the frozen seas, three hundred years and a day. I lack friend and foe—all are under the grass. Now forlorn I cannot understand my own people, changed with the doctrine of a stranger named Patrick, and the God he has that forgiveth enemies. Do ye know the man? I would see him before I go away forever.

The Saint said, "Oisín, son of Fionn, I am the man Patrick, the giolla of Christ, and it is tidings of great joy I have for thee."

They gathered about Oisín, thinking him some poor insane old chief who had wandered from his clan. The night was gathering quickly, and the crescent moon lay a sickle on the meadow of the sky behind Brigid's shoulder, and beside it the blossom of one star. Saint Patrick began to explain the Gospel of Christ to Oisín, but the old poet was stubborn. The night wore on apace, but the Saint could not convince Oisín. At last Saint Patrick became silent, pondering deeply. He knelt upon the grass and prayed with extended arms. A lambent light issued from his whole body, and he slowly rose in the air the height of Brigid's shoulder. Presently he sank slowly to the ground, the light faded, and he stood up.

He said, "Oisín, it was saying to thee I was that there is good in forgiveness, and evil in hate; and with the help of God it is now I shall show thee the truth of this saying."

He turned to the hill behind him, raised his crozier and made the Sign of the Cross. The hill split suddenly open, and they all were standing on the edge of a low hill at the rim of the pit of hell. Just below them in a great hollow square was a host of armed ghosts, standing on the frozen plain, which was full of low rocks and shadows, crawling mists, and squalls of snow, and the hail swirled to and fro across it, and the sorrows of all the ages brooded over it in the crying of the winds.

As Oisín gazed he saw among the wan spearmen, Oscar, his own son, Cairbre Lifechair, the king, whom Oscar slew, Conn Ceadcathach, the mighty archking, thousands of the Clan Baoiscne, shoulder to shoulder, with their old foes of the Clan Morna; Ceilte, son of Ronan; Diorrang, son of Dobhar; Diarmuid, son of Duibhne, and beside him Grainne herself, Conal

Mael, the Braggart, Ligan of the Swift Foot, Fionn Oisín's own father, and rank on rank of the heroes of Ireland long under the grave grass. Standing out before the square was Aehd mac Morna, with a gigantic flail in his grip, the one eye left him after the Battle of Cnucha shining balefully under the black brow.

Coming down the wind against this square were all the demons of hell in thousands of black scythed-chariots, in endless cohorts of cavalry, in mile-wide hordes of spearmen. When they draw near the square, roaring like the ocean in a hurricane crashing against the cliffs of Aehill, Aedh mac Morna rushed forward followed by the Irish, now swung out in a battle-line reaching all across the plain. Aedh cut a glory swath with his flail right through the line of demons, smashing down even the chariots, and the plunging horses. The snow and slush were smoking with blood, and the brown air trembled with the steady scream of the demons, and the horrible gibbering cheer of the wraiths of men.

Mac Morna broke the center of the line, and his men split through and curled up the flanks. The demons began to recoil, to give way in rout. Suddenly the tug between the haft and the striker of Mac Morna's flail broke. The Irish hesitated, the demons rallied; then they swept back the Fianna before them in howling rout, slipping and falling, crushed beneath the thundering hoofs and the scythed chariot-wheels, and all in a bestial panic they had never known on earth.

Presently Mac Morna tore the leg from a fallen horse, ripped out the sinews, and twisted a new tug for his flail. Then he shouted: "To me, Clan Morna!" and he turned the battle again. Again, the Irish rallied and smashed back the demons' charge. Aedh plunged through the ranks, and the wedge of the Fianna followed the swinging of his red flail, and spread the gap they made into another rout. Yelping like hounds the Fianna coursed down the fleeing demons, but again the tug on Aedh's flail broke, and the tide of battle turned back like the seaward wash of a comber grinding a December beach.

Thus the fight went on never ceasing. While Aedh's flail held, his army won; when the tug broke they broke, and fled like wolves before a forest fire. Oisín stood there gazing, his gray face wet with tears, and his old arms stretched out tremblingly toward his friends in hell. Patrick, the Saint, was stricken with compassion, and he put his arm about the stooped shoulders of the poet.

"Be comforted, Oisín, son of Fionn. See what thou mayst be saved from, and thank the good God—"

"Ara, Patrick," gasped Oisín brokenly, "ask—ask thy good God to give Mac Morna an *iron* tug for his flail!"

And Brigid standing, shivering, with white face, behind the Saint, whispered eagerly: "Do, holy Father in God, do! Give him an *iron* tug for his flail!"

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

Exit Julianne

To the Editor of AMERICA:

More than a decade ago, when my school days were quite over, I entered the Catholic Church. I had never spent a single day in a convent or parochial school, but I fancied I had learnt a great deal, from books and from the people about me, of Catholic education, and for ten years I wasted my valuable time and my youthful energy in lamenting that, being a poor descendant of colonial Protestants, I had forever lost a priceless treasure.

But one morning "Julianne" appeared for my especial consolation. None of your critical, pedantic but self-styled "devout Catholic" laymen, with an odd taste for public schools, had

signed the article, but an ecclesiastic. There lay its charm. An ecclesiastic certainly knows what he is talking about. Onto the stage stepped Julianne, painted, frivolous, richly gowned, bejeweled, surrounded with orchids, the cost of which would have sent a missionary to convert countless pagans. And Julianne was a convent graduate! But that was only the opening scene. The comedy (or shall I call it a tragedy?) continued with Julianne's after-life, which seems to be wholly in keeping with her commencement day. Now I felt bitter. I felt a terrible humiliation. A sudden fall had followed my pride in my Church and all that it stood for. After a little I raised my head. Of course, there are Julianne's, even in our Catholic schools, and God only knows what they would have been if fate had consigned them to the tender mercies of the public schools, instead of giving our Sisters a chance to make something good grow in a barren spot. Even I knew lovable Julianne's who had warm hearts beating beneath paint and lace. But other letters followed and my horror deepened. A group of young Catholic graduates were actually accepting Julianne as their representative and writing her *apologia*! Repentant, they determined to begin life anew. "Is it really true, is Julianne really a type?" I asked sadly.

But worse followed. In the third act "Percy" entered. Here was a revelation, something I had never had a glimpse of in ten years among Catholics. I knew there were such Catholic young men, but I had never dreamed that they were the product of our Catholic schools and colleges. My dismay deepened when some one suggested a possible union between him and Julianne; for, with all her faults, I rather pity Julianne, especially when I think of her home and her mother and how very accidental it was that she went to a Catholic boarding school instead of some fashionable non-Catholic academy. "I must see the play out," I said, "since AMERICA presents it," although I was rather tired of the whole thing. Last week, three more letters! My patience was at the breaking-point. One convent-bred lady agrees with Dr. Coakley! I do not profess to have had wide experience. I admit that I live an obscure life, but I read much and daily pass among hundreds of women and girls who are graduates of Catholic schools. I begin to look at them curiously now; for how different they are from what they had appeared to me these last ten years! I no longer envy them.

There is a campaign going on in my parish to build a parochial and high school for girls. It occurred to me that there was no reason to put myself to inconvenience to help along that cause. Are there not plenty of public schools from which our little ones can come forth rouged Julianne's, with a prospect of a brilliant wedding some day, minus the nuptial Mass, and with Percy for a life partner? Just as I had reached this point in my meditation the Angelus rang. I looked out at old St. Aloysius, which was built by old girls and boys totally unlike the modern young Percy and Julianne. Its golden cross, lifting itself high above the low-lying city of Washington, has been for more than half a century the center of Catholicism for the nation's capital. I thought of the sons of convent daughters who are toiling here as priests, Scholastics and Brothers of the Society of Jesus, over twenty of them in our parish alone; of the Sisters across the way, who certainly did not come from public schools. I looked out of the window and saw small boys running to church to serve early Mass, tiny girls with blue lips, for it was a cold morning, running to receive their daily Communion. Will they grow up Percys and Julianne's? There are, by the way, some twenty-five girls to be graduated this year from our convent school. Some of them are pretty, some clever, all good. There does not happen to be a Julianne among them. As for Percy, I would not insult our Gonzaga boys by mentioning him. Of course, these are only parochial schools, not academies and universities which the rich attend.

When I reached the church I saw a great sign announcing that \$100,000 was to be raised in eight days for the new academy. I paused and thought of Dr. Coakley, Julianne and Percy. Who would raise the \$100,000, I pondered. Not the priests and Sisters; for long ago they took a vow of poverty; not the few over-zealous converts, like myself, wholly wrapped up in our private devotions and busy making up for lost time; not the little angel-faced children, waiting for the school, for they have nothing but their innocence to offer to God. With a sigh of relief I thought of the Notre Dame alumnae. Forgetting Dr. Coakley, I remembered that the alumnae, while far from being creatures of perfection and leaving much undone, do whatever is done in most large parishes like ours. Looking out over the fair land of America, I think we can give them a vote of thanks and let the curtain fall on this diverting play of Percy and Julianne, and when we come out into the warm sunlight of our Catholic life we can say, "Thank God, it's only a dream!"

Washington, D. C.

FRANCES LOUISE TREW.

[This controversy is now closed.—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Excellent Gift of Charity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Let me state at the outset of this communication that, had I known H. W. was a priest, I should not have had the temerity to criticize his review on the score of charity. I hope I have committed no impertinence, but how was I to know H. W.'s vocation? It is, consequently, a matter of surprise to note that not H. W. but Father Woods insinuates that I am insincere by speaking of the "rhetorical trick" of one of my sentences.

However, I feel that the tendencies of Father Woods' thesis concerning our belief in the legends of saints is almost as dangerous as a too great rationalism. God forbid that our belief in the supernatural should have to be propped up by such ridiculous legends as, for example, the crucified bearded lady, St. Perpetua, or the fight of St. George with the dragon. It is Father H. Thurston, S.J., who says that, except for his name, existence, and martyrdom, we know nothing positively about St. George. "Much of the literary evidence for the great martyrs of Rome is embedded in historical romances," says Father J. Bridge, S.J., who, among other scholars, tells us that of the early Roman martyrs we know little with certainty except their names. The bulk of the miracles attributed to these martyrs is pure fiction—the pious romancing of uncritical hagiographers who desired to give the Faithful some definite "facts" about these holy martyrs. I am sure Dom Meier, O.S.B., is not the less pious for discountenancing, with Father H. Delehaye, S.J., many legends told of SS. Cosmas and Damian, even though these martyrs are invoked at Mass. Mr. Gerould's theory, then, of the casual relation between hero-worship and saint-worship, as a factor in developing saints' legends, is not so unreasonable after all. Certainly Mgr. Kirsch does not encourage a belief in St. Barbara and her tower of brass, of "purely legendary character." If we agree with Father Bridge that the very existence of St. Nicephorus is a literary fabrication, or if we hold that St. Veronica was not a person but a scribal error for "true picture," our faith in the supernatural is by no means shattered. There are so many authentic saints and authenticated miracles—to go no further than this one field—proclaiming the existence of the supernatural that we would do well to disprove the imputation of non-believers that our faith in this matter is built on fairy stories and old wives' tales. But, to show my own inconsistency, I allow myself the privilege of maintaining the truth of the legend concerning the Sleepers of Ephesus—but that is a matter of family prejudice and not the result of historical proof.

I think that Father Woods forgets that Mr. Gerould on page 23 writes: "No unbiased mind can any longer doubt the reality of the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi. . . ." However, I

most heartily indorse Father Woods' stricture on the confusion of Our Blessed Lady with the Venus-cult. The idea is so revolting that the less said the better. But, taking "Saints' Legends" in the light of literary development and with a proper corrective, for we cannot indorse all that Mr. Gerould says, I believe it a most stimulating book, especially for Catholics.

I was not aware that Father Delehaye's book—in English translation, appearing in the "Westminster Library" for priests and students—was unfortunate enough to be excluded from Italian seminaries. I am not surprised. Some time ago I heard that Mgr. Duchesne's "Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise" had been barred on the grounds that the style is too unconventional for the more sensitive Italian clerics. I hope that both these books are still permitted to Catholics in this country.

New Haven.

CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

A Doctor's Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the *Medical Clinics* of Chicago, January number, page 713, occurs the following remarkable statement:

If you will think of the mythology of the world, the Christian included, you will remember that everyone of the mythical heroes had to be born again. Christ had to be born again; Ulysses had to go down into hell and be born again, and Osiris had to go into the fish, and the fish went out into the Nile, and then into the ocean, and then gave Osiris up, and the same thing is true of Jonah and the whale. So it is with Baptism today. They take a child to church and have it sprinkled with a few drops of water on its head and say that it belongs to Christ and so it is cut off from this wicked world; it is reborn into the brotherhood of Christ.

A subsequent passage, about Our Lady, I forbear quoting. I have written to W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia, the publishers of the *Clinics*, the subjoined letter:

W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY, Philadelphia.

Sirs:—

I desire to protest most vigorously against the statements of Dr. Ralph C. Hamill as published on pp. 713-14, *Medical Clinics* of Chicago for January. Dr. Hamill's sacrilegious references to Our Blessed Lord, his flippant remarks on the Sacrament of Baptism and the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary are absolutely unforgivable and are unworthy of an American, be he pagan or Jew. Though I value the *Clinics* very much, I will read them no longer if Dr. Hamill continues to be one of your contributors.

JOHN F. MCCONNELL.

I trust that the medical gentlemen who read AMERICA will join me in protesting against such journalistic indecencies as the above.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

J. F. McC.

Did St. Augustine Say It? He Did

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several formally or materially anonymous commentators have been writing with no little resentment concerning my article in AMERICA on the "Origin of Life." In answering one of these ambushed scholars, I said that St. Augustine began a tradition which lasted for nearly a thousand years, namely, that the earth is flat. Now some one who has ducked behind the initials, "T. C. M.," hints that I took this statement at second hand from Dr. Draper, and that Dr. Draper invented it. T. C. M. says that some years ago he "comforted himself with the thought that he had sifted pretty thoroughly the main views of the patristic age on cosmogony, and he published proofs, which he believes still hold good, in refutation of the opinion that St. Augustine ever taught that the earth is flat." It is to be

regretted that St. Augustine's own books were omitted from this learned search, because he certainly did teach that the earth is flat.

In the edition I have at hand (Paris, 1873; vol. xxiv; "*De Civitate Dei*," lib. xvi., cap. ix), St. Augustine says: "*Quod vero et antipodes esse fabulantur, id est, homines a contraria parte terrae . . . nulla ratione credendum est.*" He continues: "*Etiam si figura conglobata et rotunda mundus esse credatur, sive aliqua ratione monstretur,*" that is, there are positively no people on the other side of the earth below us; and even if one were to believe, or give reasons to show, that the earth is round, which by evident inference he does not believe, there are several other reasons why there cannot possibly be any human beings at the antipodes, and he enumerates these reasons. One reason is that the ocean-stream which flows about the earth would preclude emigration.

As St. Augustine was one of the greatest intellectual geniuses of the world, whatever he said had enormous influence, and people understood him to hold that the earth is not round. When the Irishman, St. Ferghal, who became Bishop of Salzburg in 748, presumed to assert that the earth is round, the clergy of his time were so sure of the Augustinian notion that St. Boniface made a formal charge of heresy against St. Ferghal to Rome, but Pope St. Zachary did not entertain the charge.

Another X. Y. Z. from Los Angeles, who writes peevishly in a public-school lawyer tone of omniscience, asks Dr. O'Malley "in all humility" how any one can possibly "start a tradition." False traditions commonly are started, like a Ford car, by a frontal crank, but even saints may start them without any disgrace. They take the tradition to the edge of the hill and just push it.

Philadelphia.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ripley

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Reading in AMERICA of February 3 the notice of "*Du Transcendentalisme*," I wondered if "G. H. D." knew that the first wife of George Ripley, who was associated with him at Brook Farm, had become a Catholic. It was my good fortune as a boy to meet, among the frequent visitors at my Boston home, several of the quite prominent members of the Brook Farm community; those included Mr. Brownson, Father Hecker, George Ripley and his wife. I remember very distinctly the following interesting facts in the lives of the two Ripleys: Mr. Ripley as a young Unitarian minister was first stationed at a substantial stone church on Purchase Street, Boston, and in that church he was married to Miss Sophia Dana, both being Unitarians. Years afterwards that same building was sold and became the Catholic Church of St. Vincent of Paul and, stone for stone, the church was subsequently transferred to South Boston and reerected as the present St. Vincent's Church.

Mrs. Ripley was converted to the Catholic Faith in the fifties, and when she died a Requiem Mass was sung for her in St. Vincent's Catholic Church on Purchase Street. George Ripley therefore saw his Catholic wife's funeral in the same building in which he had married her as a Unitarian when he was its pastor. I was myself present at that funeral Mass, and recall it distinctly.

Several years after his first wife's death Mr. Ripley married a non-Catholic, to whom he presented me in Rome, where, as a priest, I met him. Mr. Ripley was at one time very near to the Catholic Faith himself, though he made no public avowal of it. To his Catholic friends, however, he gave hope of entering the Church.

Brookline, Mass.

THEODORE A. METCALF.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1917

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Free Speech and the Agitator

AS a result of "free speech," some twelve ignorant and usually inoffensive women of the East Side, are now in jail. Worked to a pitch of fury by professional "agitators" who, while pleading the cause of the poor, ride in limousines and dine at the best hotels, these women swarmed through the streets and ended their "demonstration against the capitalists," by hurling stones through the windows of small grocery stores. The net result seems to be that these misguided women are in jail, while the really responsible agents are earning a comfortable salary by urging similar outbreaks in other cities.

For many years New York, and the same is true of many American cities, has borne patiently with the professional "agitator." Men and women have been permitted by city officials, fearful of encroaching on the right of "free speech," to utter, even in times of extreme industrial unrest, harangues which could have no other result than public disorder. It would seem time to act on the simple truth, which no man in his senses will deny, that free speech cannot be pleaded as a defense for the professional "agitator." Free speech does not mean, and has never meant in any civilized country, that men are at liberty to say what they please, to whom they please, and when and where they please. The exercise of even the most undoubted right is conditioned by duty. Every right carries with it responsibility, and responsibility is precisely what the "agitator" lacks.

The proper protection of the community, as well as of the poor on whom the burdens of the day press so heavily, demands the immediate suppression of these sowers of discord. No one conversant with modern

social and economic conditions will be found wanting in sincere sympathy with the vast number of men and women who are forced to eke out an uncertain existence on a meager wage. But he will clearly recognize that these scenes of violence, staged by unprincipled leaders, can end only in deeper wretchedness for those who most sorely need the protection of the law against industrial slavery.

Municipal Reform

ACTIVITY is not necessarily progress. A mule in a treadmill steps off miles, and ends the same old mule, precisely where he began. Activity is progress only when it is strong enough to move in the right direction. Nor is change the same thing as reform. A change may be for the worse. Reform is a change for the better.

In undertaking the task of municipal reform, we seem pledged to the idea that the only way to bring a wicked city to its senses is to order an investigation, turn the rascals out of office, and pass a new bookful of legislation. Then we sit back to see what will happen. What will happen is what usually happens, when a proposed reform is based solely on new legislation and a new set of city officials. The "reform" drops through.

Seattle, after a seven years' war against iniquity in public places, furnishes, if current reports be correct, an excellent example in point. In 1910, this typical American city elected a "reform" mayor. Before a year had passed, he was removed from office, charged with tolerance of vice. His chief of police took up an abode in the State penitentiary. Nothing daunted, the quondam reform mayor presented himself as a candidate in 1912, but was defeated. Two years later, alleging a change of mind, he was elected by a huge majority, as the apostle of "good government." The reform seemed permanent. Reelected in 1916, he proceeded against the saloons with such vigor as to merit a letter of commendation from the W. C. T. U. In 1917, he was arrested on the charge of accepting a bribe to allow certain dealers in rum and allied products to ply their nefarious trade.

Like the mule in the treadmill, municipal reform in Seattle now seems to find itself precisely where it began in 1910. But there are examples nearer home. New York has battled with social vice for many years, and to such purpose that in 1917 the secretary of a private association reports that never was New York in a worse condition. Vice driven from publicity has flourished exceedingly in secret.

No doubt we need reformers, but more than reformers we need a clear recognition of the fact that reform begins with the individual. Men are not reformed in the mass, nor is a city regenerated by new legislation or officers. Our best hope for the future lies in teaching the young submission to the law of God, and ready obedience to all lawful authority.

Those Lying Jesuits

IN these days of comic supplements, comic journals, and unconsciously comic clergymen, it is exceedingly hard to be original. On the evening of February 26, Dr. C. F. Reisner, a Methodist minister, undertook to instruct a New York congregation on the theory and practice of lying. "He told his congregation," reports the *New York Times*, "that there are circumstances under which it is right to lie." This is a fairly good beginning, but Dr. Reisner soon spoils the original effect. Colonel Roosevelt is "alleged" to have had a practice of "denying his statements if revealed through a broken confidence"; and the "alleged" reveals, if not originality, a sufficient share of caution. But in proceeding, the Doctor divests himself of both originality and caution, by remarking that "the Jesuits defended all kinds of false statements, if the Church was advanced thereby."

To about 17,000 Jesuits who now infest various parts of the world, including New York City, this statement will appear as absurd as it is aged. These Jesuits, being Christians, teach that lying is always forbidden, and some of them, who know almost as much about the Society of Jesus as does Dr. Reisner, are fairly certain that the Society of Jesus has always held Exodus, xx:16, to be part of Divine revelation. Is Dr. Reisner merely applying the principle attributed to him by the *Times*, that "it is right to lie," when speaking of the Jesuits? Or is he fully prepared to quote chapter and verse in proof of his contention that "the Jesuits defended all kinds of false statements, if the Church was advanced thereby"?

The Fall of Allium Cepa

MANY of our readers have doubtless learned with keen regret of the fall of Allium Cepa. Only yesterday Cepa seemed to be securely seated in a position of honor and dignity and was courted and admired by thousands. But today the fallen favorite actually requires police protection from insult and outrage. This violent and sudden change in the fortunes of this sometime popular idol will be better realized, if we remember that Allium Cepa is of very ancient and distinguished lineage, for Cepa's ancestors, historians tell us, were even accorded divine honors by the Pharaohs of Egypt. In a later age the philosopher Pythagoras and those who held with him the tenet of metempsychosis were proud to claim kinship with Allium Cepa's renowned family, and the Children of Israel, as we read in Holy Writ, were ready to abandon the hope of entering the promised land, and instead return to slavery in Egypt, provided they could enjoy there once more the society of Allium Cepa's genial descendants.

But what a change today in the family's fortunes, for last week's papers contained the following authentic news: "Onions are going begging at \$8.00 a bag. Several buyers for retail firms are refusing to take onions at any price, fearing that the women will attack

wagons and pour kerosene on the product. . . . Until the authorities do something to stop riots and boycotts, the onion business will remain at a standstill." Alas, who can contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Moralists who were wont to hold up the many-coated, lacrimosal onion as a model both of modest reserve and of tearful repentance, will now point to Allium Cepa's fate only to bring home to their hearers the evanescent nature of earthly glory and the emptiness of worldly honor. Moreover, the orators and prima donnas who were fond of breakfasting on voice-clearing Bermudas, will now be forced to find a more reputable substitute, and the insomniacs to whom a midnight lunch of soporific onions brought relief, will now be driven to the use of the perilous poppy. For Allium Cepa, the high-born onion that once graced the banquets of the rich and noble, yet tearfully condescended to be the fragrant food of the "plain people" too, has now been branded by dietetists with the stigma of being less nourishing than even the cheap and Chinese rice. Scorned and threatened by the rabble, Allium Cepa quakes and shudders in the warehouse, and dares not stir abroad unless surrounded by a cordon of police. Poor old Allium Cepa! How are the mighty fallen!

Ashamed of His Faith

NO accurate standards or statistics are at hand, but it seems probable that the most ignorant person in existence is the Catholic ashamed of his Faith. He is the unworthy scion of a house whose Founder is Christ, the King of Ages. Saints, sages and emperors, the great light-bearers of knowledge and civilization, are his brethren. In all that they have done in the furtherance of art, science, literature, and of the things that make life sweeter and happier, he can claim his part, for he is a member of that noble family. But he is ashamed of it. He is a "social climber." Catholics, he thinks, are usually poor and ignorant like his father, a good, pious Catholic, who came over in the steerage, and afterwards built up a fortune by dint of industry and frugality. Hence, he cannot afford to associate with them, or let it be known that he is a Catholic. He has other ambitions, and to marry his daughter to Van Swearingen Jones, the notorious son of a notorious father, but wealthy, and the sprig of a mushroom nobility, he is ready and anxious to forswear his religion.

The phenomenon of the Catholic ashamed of his Faith is not unknown in this country, where wealth sometimes comes to individuals who cannot stand prosperity. Happily, however, Catholics of this despicable sort are comparatively few, while they who gladly forego wealth and social advancement when the price is religious indifference, are many. "He bore his religion like an order of knighthood, something to be proud of, to live for, to fight for," was said of a Catholic publicist, who recently passed to his reward after many years of valiant service.

Whether of ancient lineage or, like Napoleon, the founders of their own house, such men alone form our Catholic aristocracy. Their thoughts are high, their lives pure, their deeds noble; and through them they rule. And that is aristocracy; the rule of the best.

A Second Aquinas

THE glory of St. Thomas Aquinas is about to be eclipsed; the twentieth century has produced a theologian who proposes to put the "Dumb Ox" in the shade forever. It has been thought for some years now, that Aquinas stood by himself, that he was, so to speak, *sui generis*; but now the Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the New York General Theological Seminary is to produce the "long desired Anglican Summa of Doctrine." That an Anglican divine should produce an Anglican "Summa" is eminently fit and proper. Who more appropriate for the purpose? But when, in the language of his publisher, he is credited with seeking "to achieve for this age what St. Thomas Aquinas achieved for the thirteenth century," there is only one possible reply: It can't be done!

There is nothing that would give more satisfaction to a mystified world than a complete statement of what the Anglican Church *does* believe: even her bishops and divines have been asking themselves that question without getting much satisfaction. But no longer is it a Dumb Ox who is to propound the truth; rather it is one who is to accomplish the hitherto impossible task of employing a terminology and terms of thought in which he shall give the world a compendium of theology "without compromising Catholic doctrine, and without forgetting the requirements of his Anglican allegiance."

It is believed, says a leaflet describing the volumes, that such an undertaking is needed. It is indeed. It is more than needed: it will be an essential for every modern philosopher and student of the forms of thought. For it will accomplish that which logic has heretofore declared to be impossible: it will demonstrate once for all that a thing can both be and not be at the same time.

But will it, after all, be a "Summa" of Anglican doctrine? Is it at all possible to set down in cold print what the Anglican Church really does believe? It is doubtful. So it would seem that ultimately, the long-desired "Summa" will have to be founded on a basis of eclecticism, which is a genteel name for Protestantism. For so far as the Anglican Church adheres to St. Thomas it expresses a Catholic doctrine propounded before the birth of Anglicanism; and so far as its disagreement with St. Thomas is concerned, Anglicanism allies itself with some one or other of the hundreds of sects into which Protestantism has become divided. The Dumb Ox had and still has his critics, but the most uncompromising of them has never been able to deny that he was both consistent and positive, or to affirm that being and not being were with him synonymous.

A Luxury or a Nuisance?

IN the course of a recent speech to the House of Commons, in which he asked of the British public sacrifices unparalleled in all English history, Mr. Lloyd George went off on a curious little tangent. He was recounting a list of privations that the War Council proposed to enforce on the people and had come to the restrictions on the importation of paper and the further reductions in the size of the daily journals, when he suddenly paused in his grim recital and indulged in a little musing. "I cannot say," he said, "whether I ought to treat newspapers as a luxury, a comfort, a stimulus, a necessity or a nuisance." In this short sentence he gave a remarkably enlightening characterization of the press. Every one of the substantives here suggested accurately describes the newspaper.

Who would deny that newspapers are a luxury? To summon the world to one's presence; to discuss each morning with the princes of statecraft the policies of nations; to have at one's beck and call a whole army of patient, painstaking workers detailing in the briefest possible form the fruits of their days and nights of laborious effort; to command at a purely nominal cost the most accurate information obtainable about a bewilderingly large array of facts, surely is a luxury undreamed of by our ancestors. As for the newspapers being a nuisance, this is even more clear. The "yellow" sheets with their shameless parade of all that is worst in humanity, their scandals, their portraiture of crime and falsehood and heresy are a nuisance; so too are the comic sheets with their brutal caricature of the foibles and weaknesses of mankind; even the immaculately proper journals, whose self-righteousness and smug respectability are the shabbiest of cloaks for rabid partisanship, are not beyond reproach. The tyranny of newspaper reading in itself is a well-founded grievance. It is perilous to yield to its growing encroachments on valuable time.

Undoubtedly the newspapers are a comfort, for it is a comfort, a sorry one, it is true, but very real, to be relieved of the irksome task of thinking for oneself. It is so easy to hide one's shallowness behind an editorial page. Who would dispute the *ipse dixit* of the London *Times*? If the *Spectator* says so, there is an end of controversy. A stimulus? Unquestionably, for no one doubts the press's power for forming men's views. Patriotism, charity, crime and infidelity are only a few of the more obvious of the things, good and evil, that find their most efficient exponents in the press. But the most characteristic thing about newspapers is their necessity. If an argument were desired to show that this is true, nothing more would be needed than to point out that the British Premier dared cut off altogether the importation of tea, the Englishman's staff of life, but drew back dismayed before the prospect of stopping his countrymen's newspapers. Other things they would submit to, but this was beyond the power of endurance. "A luxury, a comfort, a stimulus, a necessity or a nuisance." No wonder the Premier was perplexed.

Literature

R. L. S., OR "TUSITALA"?

EVERY biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson attempts to define the rare and radiant magnetism of the delicate, high-powered Celt, a quality as indefinable as the "charrum" which was the despair of Barrie's "Maggie": "If ye have it, ye'll need naething else; if ye lack it, naething else will be muckle use to ye." The Stevensonian charm was as potent with the unlettered Polynesian islander as with the University don: its enchantment conquered time and space and circumstance: "Even in the imposed silence and restraint of extreme sickness the magnetic power and attraction of the man made itself felt," writes Colvin, "and there seemed to be more vitality and fire of the spirit in him as he lay exhausted and speechless in bed than in an ordinary roomful of people in health."

It is interesting to recall that our own Charles Warren Stoddard may be said to have turned the prow of the wanderer's ship toward the ultimate islands. Readers of "The Wrecker" will recognize the acquaintance made in "a place of precarious, sandy cliffs, deep sandy cuttings, solitary ancient houses" on the edge of San Francisco. "Meeting him as I did, one artist with another, . . . you can imagine with what charm he would speak, and with what pleasure I would hear. It was in such talks . . . that I first heard the names—first fell under the spell of the Islands, and that I returned (a happy man) with 'Omoo' under one arm, and my friend's adventures under the other."

Stevenson had scores of Catholic friends, Père Simeon, Brother Michel, Père Bruno, Chief Ori, who adopted him as a blood brother, the proscribed High-Chief Mataafa and all his adherents, Mother Marianne with the other nuns of Molokai, and every missionary in the islands. "His interest in Molokai, even apart from Father Damien, always made his heart warm toward the priests and Catholic Sisters," writes his cousin, Graham Balfour. "The circumstance that all his best boys at Vailima belonged to the Church of Rome strengthened the connection." Mr. Balfour, according to his *auld lights*, terms it an "accidental" circumstance; R. L. S. knew better.

For the Bishop he had a real appreciation. . . . He always had a special admiration for the way in which they [the Catholics] identified themselves with the natives, and encouraged all native habits at all compatible with Christianity. Above all things he welcomed the fact that the influence of the chiefs was increased instead of weakened by their efforts . . . for he felt that the salvation of Samoa lay in its chiefs, and that it was unfortunate that all white influence except that of the Catholics was in the line of diminishing their authority. Thus the priests and the Sisters from the Savalalo convent were always welcome guests.

For his chivalrous defense of Father Damien in the famous "Open Letter" to the Rev. Mr. Hyde—name of "infernal coincidence"!—for his brotherly kindness to all the Catholic missions, his poetical eulogy of Mother Marianne, and his tender charity to the poor lepers of Molokai, Catholics the world over should hold Stevenson's memory dear. At Molokai itself, as in Samoa, his name is enshrined in grateful love. During his visit, as Balfour tells us, "he was advised by Mother Marianne to wear gloves when he played croquet with the leper children. He would not do it, however, as he thought it might remind them of their condition. After Tusitala returned to Honolulu he sent Mother Marianne a grand piano for her leper girls."

Truly, as the old Catholic Samoan chief said, in one of the noblest funeral panegyrics ever uttered: "The day was no longer than his kindness." Nor is time itself longer than the evidence of Samoan gratitude. The great masters of his day—

Sargent, St. Gaudens, Alexander—have left his lineaments in marble and upon canvas; in his native Edinburgh and in his "last gateway," San Francisco, stately monuments keep his achievements in view of the passing multitudes. "Even these will pass away." But what more enduring monument could the heart of man desire than the *Ala Loto Alofa*, "the Road of the Loving Heart," built by the Mataafans, Catholics every one, in gratitude for Tusitala's unwearying kindness to them during their political imprisonment? This immortal road had to be cut and graded through the forest to Vailima, the home of Tusitala. The labor of felling the trees was in itself a tremendous undertaking in a tropical island where undue exertion is well-nigh fatal; yet, nothing daunted, the chiefs and hundreds of their followers toiled incessantly for months until the self-imposed Cyclopean task was completed, even to the inscription on the tablet: "Considering the great love of his Excellency Tusitala in his loving care of us in our tribulation in the prison, we have made this great gift: it shall never be muddy: *it shall go on forever*, this road that we have dug."

The free-spirited Samoans are not inclined to personal servitude: Stevenson, a Highland chieftain reincarnated, detested the sordid relations of ordinary hired service. So, restoring feudalism, he gathered a little clan of his own, even importing a special tartan for his brown Samoan clansmen. It was his own beloved and devoted Sosimo, the sub-chieftain of this Catholic clan, who caught the mighty Chief in his arms when the fatal stroke came: it was Sosimo's reverent hands that robbed him for his last long sleep, and "interlocked his fingers and arranged his hands in the attitude of prayer." So, too, as Lloyd Osbourne has written, "Sosimo asked on behalf of the Roman Catholics that they might be allowed to recite the prayers for the dead. Till midnight the solemn chants continued, the prolonged sonorous prayers of the Church of Rome, in commingled Latin and Samoan."

All that night a group of the Samoans formed a guard of honor around the death-bed of their dead Chief: "They passed in procession beside his bed, kneeling and kissing his hand each in turn, before taking their places for the long night-watch beside him. No entreaty could induce them to retire, to rest themselves for the painful and arduous duties of the morrow. It would show little love for Tusitala, they said, if they did not spend the last night with him." So might the men of Clan Cameron have watched beside the bier where the claymore rested near the Cross on the breast of Lochiel.

The end of the end remained: the extension of the *Ala Loto Alofa* to the very summit of Mount Vaea, where the Loving Heart was to find its last resting-place. Forty of the most powerful Samoans, armed with axes, cut a path through the jungle up the steep face of the mountain, and by this *via dolorosa* the Celtic Chief was borne up the path on the shoulders of his Pacific clansmen to his chosen grave, the terminus of the Road of the Loving Heart.

Stevenson's requiem, written ten years before his death, is cut in English lettering on one side of the Samoan concrete which forms his island monument: the other side bears an inscription in Samoan, a most apposite quotation from the Book of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." Consecrated to Tusitala, Mount Vaea has become once more a paradise of song-birds, unafrighted by humanity: "Since his death the chiefs have strictly tabooed the use of firearms upon the hillside where he lies, that the birds may live there undisturbed, and raise about his grave the songs he loved so well."

After twenty-one years, which survives, R. L. S. or Tusitala? The spirit of the man, or the genius of his books? And which books? No truly devoted Stevensonian will be content with less than all—essays, verses, biographical and historical studies, romances, dramas,—uneven in merit though some of these may be. The mere fragments he left are enough to outline life work for a dozen ordinary authors. The opinions of the best among his contemporaries agreed that even more applicable to Stevenson than to Goldsmith is Dr. Johnson's famous summary: *Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*. His letters alone, which fill three volumes and which are not to be measured by any standard of style, remain a joy forever. The disconnected notes, scribbled here, there and everywhere, all too often from the sufferer's bravely garrisoned Land of Counterpane, form a fairly complete autobiography. Aside from their heartening revelations of the incurable optimist's philosophy, the collected "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson" and the "Vailima Letters" contain some of the soundest criticisms and autocriticisms in the commentorial literature of the nineteenth century.

HONOR WALSH.

REVIEWS

My Second Year of the War. By FREDERICK PALMER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

At Suvla Bay. Being the Notes and Sketches of Scenes, Characters and Adventures of the Dardanelles Campaign. Made by JOHN HARGRAVE, While Serving with the 32nd Field Ambulance, X Division, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, During the Great War. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

The War of Democracy. The Allies' Statement. Chapters on the Fundamental Significance of the Struggle for a New Europe. Prepared by Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M., EDWARD PRICE BELL, M. PAUL HYMAN, PROF. GILBERT MURRAY, RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P., M. PAUL ALBERT HELMER, G. M. TREVELYAN, RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, PROF. A. A. H. STRUYCKEN, H. A. L. FISHER, F.B.A., M. HENRI HAUSER, RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, RT. HON. VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, M. MAURICE BARRÈS. Garden City: Doubleday, Page. \$2.00.

Though the American reading-public must now be surfeited with books about the war, these three volumes can be recommended to those who still find the subject bearable. That veteran war correspondent, Frederick Palmer, from his point of vantage just behind the Allies' battle-line vividly describes the Somme campaign, stressing the glories and saying little about the horrors of the conflict. His pen-pictures of "A Great Night Attack," "A Potent Curtain of Fire," a general charge, the work of the aeroplanes, and the execution done by the famous "tanks," leave little to be desired, for he avoids technical language, and makes mere civilians understand how war is waged today. Mr. Hargrave, however, emphasizes in his book the dreadful suffering and carnage that mark a modern campaign, and as he belonged to a field ambulance that witnessed the British disaster at Suvla Bay he does not lack material for his pen and pencil. The author has the gift of bringing a scene, by the skilful use of remarkably few words, right before the reader's eyes, and his drawings are excellent. The horrors of "mechanical death" lose nothing in the author's telling, for he lived to see his division of 25,000 men reduced to 6,000. In his opinion more dash and less caution would have saved the day at Suvla. As Mr. Hargrave had no religion he registered as a Quaker, and thus avoided "church parade." He did not find a certain Protestant chaplain he met particularly brave, but praises highly "Father S.," of whom he writes:

I came to admire him for his simplicity and for his devotion to his men. Every Sunday he held (?) Mass in the trenches of the firing-line, and he never had the least fear of going up. A splendid little man, always cheerful, always

looking after his "flock." Praying with those who were about to give up the ghost; administering the last rites of the Church. . . . He wrote beautifully sad letters of comfort to the mothers of boy-officers who were killed. Father S. knew every man; every man knew Father S. and admired him.

"The War of Democracy" is a collection of two-score of the strongest papers that have been written in defense of the Allies' position in the present war. M. Paul Hyman's convincing article on "The Violation of the Neutrality of Belgium," seems to be unanswerable. Professor Gilbert Murray's address on "Ethical Problems of the War" is a delight to the lover of good English. He reminded his hearers that "Lord Haldane's great education scheme, which was to begin by caring for the health of the small child, and then lead him up by a great ladder from the primary school to the university," was to have "cost nearly as much as half a week of the war." While writing eloquently on "The Attitude of Great Britain in the Present War," Lord Bryce reviews England's services to the cause of liberty throughout the world. But he neglects to mention all she did to further American independence in the days of '76, and he sums up the results of her long battle for Irish freedom by airily remarking that "the question was settled in 1914 by the passing of an act," etc., though some Irishmen are perverse enough to hold that the question has not been settled yet. The volume closes with Maurice Barrès' glowing tribute to "The Soul of France," especially as it is personified in the renowned Sister Julie of Lorraine.

W. D.

Poetry, and the Renaissance of Wonder. By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

This book is a reprint in convenient form of the author's two memorable contributions to the literature of criticism, the article on "Poetry" from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," and the "Renaissance of Wonder" from "Chambers's Cyclopaedia." But both of these essays have been considerably enriched by the insertion of fugitive bits of criticism originally contributed to the pages of the *Athenaeum*. Of the essays themselves it is unnecessary to speak. Both of them have passed from the stage of ephemeral criticism and become, as it were, landmarks in the history of English literature. This being the case, we hardly know what could be more to the purpose than to take them from the unwieldy setting in which they have hitherto been found and to set them side by side in this handy and well-printed volume.

The editor of the book, it seems, had grave doubts about the advisability of adding the so-called "*Athenaeum* riders." The doubt was certainly misplaced. We would not willingly dispense with any one of them. They may, indeed, disturb at times the logical development of the thought and perhaps even its logical consistency. But strict logic, it must be confessed, is not the quality that we seek or find in Watts-Dunton, but rather delicacy of perception and acumen, brought to bear upon a wide range of literary matters; and these we have in the *Athenaeum* additions quite as fully as in the text of the essays. At one time there is a luminous remark about poetic technique, as on page 21, where, discussing the help and hindrance of rhyme, the author observes, "In English rhymed measures, it may almost be affirmed that the thing said is a third something between the idea and the rhyme." In other places we came upon broad generalities of criticism, as on page 143, where the reader is bidden to turn in his quest of the "great style" not to the Celt, not to the Greek, but to the Bible; or on page 145, where the author claims that "there never was a greater mistake than that of supposing that Hellenism can be engrafted on [Anglo-Saxon] Teutonism and live; as Landor and Arnold have testified by their failures." He then goes on to show that the element that can be engrafted and has at times been engrafted successfully is Hebraism. Whether the reader agrees with these

observations or not, he cannot deny that they are shrewd and stimulating, and they will be found still more convincing in the context from which we have taken them. With the addition of an index the book would double its value. But even as it is, no library of English literature, however, unpretentious, can afford to be without it.

F. M. C.

Historical Records and Studies. Vol. X, January, 1917. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

The major portion of this volume of "Records and Studies," as was fitting, has been devoted to a memorial of the late Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, who, for eighteen years, was the President of the Historical Society. It is the first of the Society's numerous publications that had not come under his editorial scrutiny, though most of its contents, apart from that relating to his own career, he had arranged for before his death, on August 24, 1916. The memoir of Dr. Herbermann is contributed by Peter Condon and Mgr. Brann. This is followed by the conclusion of Dr. Herbermann's "Sulpicians in the United States," and articles he had written on "The Diamond Jubilee of Fordham University"; "Rev. Charles H. de Luynes, S. J.," and "Rev. Andrew Francis Monroe, S. J." In the memoir of Father de Luynes it is noted that he and Father Maldonado went from New York to Mexico in 1851-1853 to beg help for the new College and Church of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street. The result was the paying off of a debt of \$15,000. In this, our own day, sixty odd years later, the Fathers of St. Francis Xavier's in a measure have been able to requite this obligation by offering aid and an asylum to their exiled and persecuted brethren from Mexico. Father de Luynes, says Dr. Herbermann, "always spoke with the warmest gratitude of the people of Mexico, and above all of the people of Guadalupe and their bishop, who invited him to be his guest, . . . and spoke warm words of sympathy for their virtue and their faith." This was the second time Mexico had helped the Church in New York. Father William O'Brien went there in 1791-92 on a begging visit to his old college friend Archbishop de Haro, for aid for St. Peter's, Barclay Street. He secured from the generous Mexicans \$6,000 and some valuable paintings which still adorn New York's first church. Other articles in the volume are "Bishop Dubois on New York in 1836"; "Edward Maria Wingfield," by Edward J. McGuire; "John Doyle, Publisher," by Thomas F. Meehan; Notes and Comments; Necrology.

T. F. M.

The Earliest Voyages Round the World 1519-1617. Edited by PHILIP F. ALEXANDER, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$0.75.

With this volume Mr. Alexander begins the "Cambridge Travel Books." His plan is, so far as possible, to let explorers tell their own stories. Modern spelling and punctuation are used; archaic words of English travelers are retained. So the series will be of service not merely to specialists in the history of geography, but also to students in secondary schools. The earliest voyages round the world were six: those of the Portuguese Magellan, 1519-1522; the English, Drake, 1577-1580, and Cavendish, 1586-1588; the Dutchmen, Van Noorst, 1598-1601; Speilbergen, 1614-1617, and Lemaire, 1615. Of these voyages, the first three and the sixth are narrated by the editor. Magellan's story is told by Antonio Pigafetta, an Italian survivor of the voyage, and is an abbreviation of the Hakluyt Society's "The First Voyage Round the World by Magellan." Drake's and Cavendish's accounts are also reprinted from the Hakluyt Society's publications. The introduction to these simple narratives is marred by the old-time Protestant slur at the Bull of Alexander VI, "practically dividing the world in two, and giving the western half to Spain and the eastern to Portugal." This

unfair statement will not encourage Catholic schools to introduce the "Cambridge Travel Books." The truth is that Alexander VI merely arbitrated between Spain and Portugal; his arbitration was ineffective.

W. F. D.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Five of the six novels most widely read during January have already been reviewed in AMERICA. They are: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," "When a Man's a Man," "Mary 'Gusta,'" "Wildfire," "Penrod and Sam," and "The Wonderful Year." As for "Wildfire" (Harper, \$1.35), it is another of Zane Grey's border "thrillers" with its desperate "bad man," its quick-shooting hero and its "broncho-busting" maiden of surpassing loveliness. They are the "dime novels" of thirty years ago, only better bound, and with a few situations introduced that will appeal to the prurient.

William Johnson's story of "Limpy, the Boy Who Felt Neglected," (Little, Brown, \$1.35) and Ruth Brown McArthur's "Little Mother" (Penn Pub. Co., \$1.50) are recent books with children as their central figures. The first is a faithful portrait of a modern American boy and a keen analysis of his habit of mind. Edward Haverford Randall, the book's little "hero," his brothers and his playmates, are all quite lifelike and will remind the reader of "Penrod" and his circle. "Little Mother," which Emlen McConnell has suitably illustrated, is of the "glad-book" type and tells how tiny orphan Tannie, who made "everything seem fresher after she had been by," helps to reform a frivolous and extravagant mother, and makes herself a general favorite.

"Once on a time there was a poor husbandman who had so many children that he hadn't much of food or clothing to give them. Pretty children they all were, but the prettiest was the youngest daughter, who was so lovely there was no end to her loveliness." That is the way the story begins that gives the title to "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" (Putnam, \$1.25), an absorbingly interesting collection of Norse fairy tales by G. W. Dasent. They number thirty-seven altogether and their "ethical value" is above suspicion for the wicked trolls always burst to pieces just in time for virtue to triumph splendidly. The little ones will enjoy reading or hearing the stories.—"Only a Dog" (Dutton, \$1.00), by Bertha Whitridge Smith, is an Irish terrier's own story of how he was driven from his French home by the German invaders, found his way to the trenches, and then became the faithful friend of the "Tommy" who rescued him. The author actually uses a text from Holy Writ to support her hope that dogs will be in heaven.

Priests will find useful in preparing their sermons a book edited by Father Charles J. Callan, O. P., the full title of which is "Illustrations for Sermons and Instructions, Definitions, Word Pictures, Exemplifications, Quotations and Stories, Explanatory of Catholic Doctrine and Practice, Gathered from the Sacred Scriptures, from the Works of the Fathers and Saints, and from the Writings of Recent Authors and Preachers of Note" (Wagner, \$2.00). The book's 370 pages are packed with material well arranged in seven chapters, and there is a good alphabetical index besides.—In the second volume of "Father Tim's Talks" (Herder, \$0.75), the Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C. S. R., continues to present to various kinds of unbelievers the truths of the Church, and tells Catholics how to make their faith practical.

In "A Layman's Handbook of Medicine" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50) Dr. Richard C. Cabot has boiled "medicine down to the

essentials needed by the general public." He has done the work so well that there is nothing in the volume beyond the grasp of the ordinary social worker for whom the book is intended. An amazingly large number of diseases are discussed in a simple, decent fashion that leaves nothing to be desired. It is to be hoped that social workers will take to heart the author's words about birth-control. There is much other advice, too, that will profit both them and the people with whom they come in contact.

Mrs. Ida M. Cappeau was the delighted companion of her husband, an oil and gas engineer, on "A Voyage to South America, and Buenos Aires, the City Beautiful" (Sherman, French, \$1.20). During the journey she kept a diary which she has published in this bright and chatty book. She dwells largely on what would most interest a woman; gowns, social functions, etc.

John Clyde Oswald, editor of the *American Printer*, has written an interesting book about "Benjamin Franklin, Printer" (\$2.00), which Doubleday, Page & Co. have brought out in a format resembling Franklin's "A Confession of Faith," the sixth edition of which he published at Philadelphia in 1743. Besides giving the main facts of Franklin's life, telling how he kept a "particular examen," made scientific experiments, and served his country in numerous capacities, the author dwells chiefly on "Poor Richard's" skill and success as printer and publisher. Many specimens of his press-work are reproduced, and a detailed account is given of all his publications. When Franklin wrote his will it began "I, Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer, late Minister Plenipotentiary," etc., and in his epitaph which he himself composed, it was as a printer that he wished to be remembered, for he wrote: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms. But the work shall not be lost, for it will (as is believed) appear once more, in a new and more elegant edition, revised and corrected by the Author."

Many of the *Bookman's* old readers cannot but regret the radical changes its new editor seems to be making in the character of that magazine. An instance in point is the publication in the March number of a seven-page puff of "Susan Lenox," a filthy novel, that for some years was considered too "raw" even for one of our most "popular" cheap magazines to print. The story which the *Bookman's* contributor praises so lavishly, pleading in the name of "simple candor" that the "sex question" be treated as "you would any other," can do its readers nothing but harm and should be confiscated by the police. As a sensible critic in the *New York Times* writes of the book:

It is necessary to say of this two-volume novel that it would have been much better for Mr. Phillips's reputation and the repute of American letters if it had never been published. . . . The book is essentially false in its definition of life, and therefore profoundly immoral. . . . The story is repulsive to the last degree. . . . It is deplorable that Mr. Phillips's name and reputation should be besmirched by the mistaken posthumous publication of a work of such outworn and conventional falsity and of such thoroughly vicious romanticism masquerading as realism.

A systematic manual for ensemble vocalization is not often met with, so "Melodious Vocal Exercises" (Devin-Adair, \$1.50), by L. Camilieri, ought to prove of interest to choir-masters. The composer has compiled an excellent volume of exercises for the use either of women's voices, men's voices or mixed choirs. The introductory pages contain a concise summary of modern notation, and, by way of appendix to the manual, are added two admirable madrigals—"High School Songs," prepared by Sara B. Callinan (Allyn & Bacon, \$1.50) is published with the object not merely of giving pleasure but also of helping young students to become acquainted with the

great masters in music. Pleasure, inspiration, instruction, have guided the compiler in making the many well-chosen selections to be found in this volume. The collection includes secular choruses from the great masters, songs of different countries, sacred choruses and hymns, college songs, besides its final chapters on musical notation and the history of music, the whole made up into a very attractive volume.

The current *Catholic Mind* is a Lenten number. The excellent pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Cornelius Van de Ven, Bishop of Alexandria, on "The Duties of Catholics," is the first paper. Then follows a powerful sermon by Father Henry J. De Laak, S.J., on "St. Joseph the 'Just Man,'" and the number ends with Archbishop Mundelein's stirring letter on "Chicago's Catholic Orphans." Bishop Van de Ven urges his flock to attend daily Mass and frequent the Sacraments, and warns them against the chief moral perils of the day. Father De Laak holds up St. Joseph as the model for the heads of families, saying:

No more than Joseph can the Christian father escape the serious responsibility of standing in the place of God towards his children. Joseph could not surrender his authority over Christ: no more can the Christian father alienate that over his home. Nor can the State rob him of it under any pretense. It can only supplement where the father is delinquent. A Christian father is therefore bound to take his office seriously. It is a grave crime not to do his duty. To do his duty he must qualify himself as Joseph did.

In the Archbishop of Chicago's appeal occur the memorable words: "The Archbishop is not going to desert the orphan children. . . . If need be, he will beg from door to door for them, for their little souls are on his conscience and for each of them he must one day answer at the judgment seat."

The verse in *Scribner's Magazine*, which is generally of a higher quality than that in most American periodicals, is particularly good this month. Mr. Shane Leslie contributes a curious poem on the carnage of the present war, entitled "*Oblivio Dei*"; Mrs. Aline Kilmer's "Didactic Poem to Deborah," one of the "fine children as all the world knows," who is already hers, runs thus:

Deborah dear, when you are old,
Tired and gray, with pallid brow,
Where will you put the blue and gold
And radiant rose that tint you now?

You are so fair, so gay, so sweet!
How can I bear to watch you grow,
Knowing that soon those twinkling feet
Must go the ways all children go!

Deborah, put the blue and gold,
And rosy beauty that is you,
Into your heart, that it may hold
Beauty to last your whole life through.

Then though the world be tossed and torn,
Grayer than ashes and as sad,
Though fate may make your ways forlorn,
Deborah, dear, you shall be glad.

"And Yet," by Jessie S. Miner, and "Uriel," by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sound a high spiritual note, and Olive Tilford Dargan's "At the Gate," is a beautiful love poem, too long to quote entire, but here are the two concluding stanzas:

O Beauty, most thou lovest night!
Now dost thou hold her like a mate,
And all the moon-swept mountains wait
As altar waits the rite.

Charmed as they, beside the gate,
I watch the road that like a curl
Drops flowing down with bend and whirl,
And like a rooted lily wait.

SOCIOLOGY

Who's to Blame?

JULIANNE'S a pretty good sort; she has more sense than she seems to have. Her silliness is largely a pose. When the test comes, I think she will measure up to it. But as for myself, I'm no good, and I'm just old enough now to realize that I am worthless. I know it's the fashion to throw the blame on others. I'm not fixing the blame, but I think I got a bad start in life.

I was born in a private hospital, promptly turned over to a nurse, fed on a bottle, and, generally, put under the charge of hired help. My old grandfather was a butcher, and a good one. He made some money, invested it well, gave my father a college education, built a fine home, but was simple as an old shoe to the day of his death. His children were not like him. Fashion and the ways of fashion lured them. My mother gave me birth, but not very much of a mother's love and care. She had her clubs, her social affairs, her everlasting telephone calls, her shopping. All our family had an immense amount of what is sometimes termed "façade." Practically, that means that they were insistent, in what the world calls a well-bred manner, on having their way in everything, no matter what it cost others. They were of the wealthy parasitical class that makes Socialists and anarchists.

THE YOUTHFUL PERCY

I HAD a governess of a sort, but I did not start school until I was about seven years old. To this day I don't know how it happened that I was sent to a parochial school. My parents at least called themselves Catholics, and perhaps conscience stirred about that time. Physically a cherub, but mentally an ignoramus, I soon found myself unable to keep up with the other children. Of course, the blame fell on the school; and was I to consort, like a young prince in exile, with the O'Tooles, the Sweeneys and the Maguires, mere Irish, from "beyant the tracks"? I was removed and placed in a fashionable establishment where brains, if not at a discount, were not essential.

At a tender age, I had parties for "my set." I frequented the company of my elders, learned their smart manner of conversation, their critical and unchristian jests, kept late hours, and frittered away long periods that should have been devoted to sleep and rest. I lived under a régime of paid servants, who forbade these things, but I found ways of outwitting them. Of parental care, I had but little. My father's time was given to business; my mother lived only for "society." It is no wonder that I was always sickly, or that a trained nurse was nearly always on the family pay-roll. I was kept out of school frequently to present myself at numerous childish "society functions," and to attend classes in dancing, fencing, French and music. In spite of the years I spent at music, all I can do today is to turn on the victrola, or the piano-player, using foot-power and brawn instead of fingers and brain. Somebody once asked me, a "sweet young thing" at a dinner, to indicate the influence of Wagner on Verdi, or something like that. I wondered what she was talking about. For me, Wagner meant old "Honus," and the nearest I could get to Verdi was "Vernon" Castle.

PERCYE AT COLLEGE

AFTER a few years of "prepping" and "tutoring," to my own great surprise, I matriculated at the Eastern college, non-Catholic, of course, favored at that time by our "set." It looked dark for me, but I thought I might pick up something along the line, to make the years pass with a modicum of friction. To disguise my lack of intellectual ability, I went in for athletics, forgetting that it takes brains, self-control, and discipline to make a first-rate athlete, and I lacked all three. The only prominence I gained at college was the undesirable notoriety derived from a twenty-dollar-a-plate dinner I gave my class,

who laughed at me behind my back. My fond parents paid the bill readily, thinking that dining and wining the dissolute sons of our first families was equivalent to a liberal education. I finished with what was called "a special certificate," together with a large and varied assortment of clothes, dancing-pumps, bad debts, bad acquaintances and bad habits. Then my parents sent me off to Europe, the final touch to my educational equipment, little dreaming that one never brings home from Europe what he did not take with him. For me, Europe was just about as interesting historically, as the Arizona desert. I made the grand tour in charge of a tutor and a guide. I can tell you the name of every good hotel and cordial from Liverpool to Vienna, but the name of very little else.

PERCYE IN SOCIETY

WHEN I returned home, I awoke to the fact that my mental caliber was not equal to the profession of law, for which I was intended. My "special certificate" gained me entrance into a law school, but after a few months of intermittent attendance, some ignominious exhibitions at a "quiz," and one or two mournful examinations, the Dean, who seemed to stand in no awe of my father's money and position, intimated that I was wasting my talents in the arid desert of the law. A \$10,000 education had been wasted on a youth, highly priced at ten dollars. After that, to keep my mind occupied, I put in my time at the polo grounds, keeping score, or I played tennis or golf, or I frequented two or three clubs to which I had been elected, where I learned how to consume large amounts of alcohol without showing it, and how to comport one's self agreeably with divorced persons and rakes. "Joy-riding" was an occupation that I did not neglect. My *horarium* was somewhat mixed. I usually got up on the same day I went to bed. As for the run of my companions, the less said the better.

All this did not prevent my entrance into that exclusive, half-baked circle known as "the younger set." Its portals opened wide, as they do to all, no matter how dissolute or ignorant, provided the ignorance is glossed over by "polish," and the record of the dissoluteness is not spread too often on the police blotters. Dances, week-end parties, automobile tours, late dinners, were my life. Night never signified rest, peace, or quiet, time for reading or planning, or making friends worth while, or the exchange of ideas with those who even then might have saved me. It meant flying through the parks and over the boulevards out to the nearest and raciest road-house, terrorizing women and children, and inciting the poor and the hard-worked to bitterness and revolt. My conversation was limited in these circles, but it was quite enough, to the newest plays, the latest scandal, the most disgraceful dancer, the speed of my car, and the chit-chat of society.

PERCYE'S FUTURE

AND now about the future. I have a position, but I did not get it myself. I couldn't. My mother pleaded with one of her friends. While I was trying to attract the attention of a non-Catholic "society world" that finds me useful as a person on whom one may "sponge" in return for small favors, she was hunting a "job" for me, an able-bodied man, seventy-two inches of incompetence and frivolity. No "mollycoddle" could surpass this. I am about to marry, recommended by my father's money, and urged on by my mother's social ambitions. I met my intended at a dinner where one meets the gilded maidens of the city. You know the type. Some are Catholics, but they do not belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. How could they? They have costumes abbreviated at top and bottom, painted faces, empty heads, voluptuous, sinful, sensual souls. You see them riding in the front seats of their machines with their knees crossed. A canonized saint could not withstand the temptations into which I am thrown. O, I know I'm worse than they. I'm only saying that the evil isn't all on one side.

She's not a Catholic, and I suppose it will mean interminable visits to the parish priest and the Bishop, to ask the Church brazenly, the Church with nineteen centuries of accumulated experience, to sanction a union that seems bound to end either with divorce, or the loss of an entire generation to the Faith. The young woman on whom I have set what I have left of a heart, can never make me or anyone, a home. She is unable to cook or sew, or manage a house, or control servants, or herself. She can't even keep her own room in order. Imagine such a wife for me, who have never really made or saved a dollar in my life, and who daily undergo the experience of being kept by my father, because I have not brains enough to support myself. Who's to blame? I'm not a fool in every sense, and sometimes I feel that if I had had a father with other ambitions than dollars, and a mother something more than a social climber, I might have amounted to something.

PERCYE COVINGTON.

EDUCATION

Commercial Classes in Elementary Schools

THE educational world today is face to face with utilitarianism. Courses are shot through and through with ideas of vocational, industrial and technical training, while hard-headed modernists are at swords' points with the defenders of past ways. The issue is but the new phase of the century-old struggle, crystallized in these words of the great Greek:

What education is and how children should be instructed, is what should be well known; for nowadays there are doubts concerning the business of it, as all people do not agree in those things they would have their children taught, both with respect to their improvement in virtue and a happy life; nor is it clear whether the object of it should be to improve the intellect or to rectify morals. The views gained from the present mode of education are confused, and we cannot say with certainty whether it is right to instruct a child in that which will be useful to him in life, or in what tends to virtue and is really excellent; for all those things have their separate defenders.

As in the time of Aristotle, so it is today. The exclusive utilitarian and the academic culturist are at war.

THE ISSUE

LET us do both sides the justice of considering their point of view. The utilitarian idea aims to find out what the child is going to do later on in life. This discovered, train him for the work. It is the "efficiency and economy" obsession governing education in this era of economics and efficiency. So widespread is the belief, that it is fast becoming the fundamental idea in the training of children. The *unum necessarium* is to get them ready for a job. Endow them with an earning power early in life. Set the child to work as early as possible in the modern educational factory. Put him over a typewriter, drill him in business forms, give him a bill for a copy-book. Plainly, it is a "bread and butter course" that the ardent vocationalist would have us set up.

Not without reason, however, has this idea made headway in the educational world. So many children leave school at an early age, and are thrown into the world totally unequipped for even the first steps into business, that schools are asked to examine their aims, and discover whether they have adapted their training to reasonable demands. Are they adjusting the course to the actual needs of the pupils? Does the present training leave pupils virtually helpless in the wear and tear of the workaday world? Let us take these ideas and claims for what they are actually worth, using them as angles from which to survey our problem.

Maintaining, as we must, that we owe it to the child to give him fundamental training of all his faculties; mind, heart, will, imagination, in the few short years he is under our charge, are we not apt to lose sight of the practical de-

mand, that the children must face the world, equipped to earn their bread and butter? Part of our work is to pave their way carefully and efficiently, not to *point it out* merely, or to strew it with roses; but to make it sure, solid and passable.

Just here, however, is the real issue; are we making surely for that end by introducing commercial courses in our elementary schools? In many schools, honest attempts have been made to adjust the courses to the increasing demands of the industrial and vocational world. In the case of commercial requirements, the aim was to begin early and lose no time. Frankly, let us say that the attempt had to be abandoned, because the game failed to prove worth the candle. In the first place, the pupil was mentally unfitted for the work. Furthermore, the meager results secured nowise justified the expenditures in equipment, the drag on the teacher, the time used, and most of all, the necessitated retrenchment of essentials. Veteran teachers of commercial work have informed me that they consider this work in the grades an utter waste of time. Worse, the essential elements of educative influence over the child had to be eliminated; the claims of elementary education either had to go by the board, or were assigned second place

EXPERT TESTIMONY

HERE, in the Empire State we find it hard to ground the pupils in the elements within the customary eight years. Lay the blame where you will, results are not forthcoming. The yield of actual ability is nowise in proportion to the energies expended. A sage critic, for thirty-five years a member of a large New York department store says: "It is almost impossible to get competent boys and girls from the public schools today. I do not speak of children who leave school before they finish their course, but of those who have their grammar school certificates." Hard words, these, coming from one who has observed from fifteen to twenty thousand boys and girls from the elementary schools, who have entered the establishment as employees. "It is frequently the case," he continues, "that the average product of the elementary schools today cannot write legibly, spell or read correctly, or solve easy problems in arithmetic."

This indictment of the rank and file of the grammar-school product seems to emphasize the necessity of devoting all the time to essentials. The blame for such inefficiency may well be laid at the door of those *soi-disant* reformers, who for the past half-century have inflicted their pedagogical experiments upon secondary education. Nor can the commercial enthusiasts be absolved from that same sin, for they, too, would impose their hobby upon the old, tried and true elementary curriculum and break its back; they, too, are encroaching upon the well-established and thoroughly demonstrated principles which demand that we first lay the foundations, solid and firm, and then set about up-building.

THE FIRM FOUNDATION

COMMERCIAL additions to the curriculum overbalance it and render the whole course weak and lopsided. Built up on the frail foundation of the sixth grade, commercial work has fallen through for lack of knowledge of elementary requirements. Some advise beginning not in the sixth, but in the eighth grade, because the child in his teens must, then or never, be ready to face practical problems of life. True enough, the teens mark a new growth in the life of youth. There is a stride forward, a new impulse of interest in the big things, a tendency to plan for the future, and a vaulting ambition to shoulder up to one's elders, and take part in everything and anything that opportunity offers. Yet, after all, this is only a case of youth's reach exceeding its grasp. He indeed were a wise man who knew half as much as the eighth-grader thinks he knows. Let us face the facts without blinking.

The facts are these: "The good old 'three R's' are the

keys that open the doors of all opportunity for mankind. You are to see that the keys are furnished to each child, then lead the children to the doors of opportunity and teach them to use the keys that fit."

ESSENTIALS FIRST

IF we are to save valuable energies, and the aim to "educate" the pupil under our charge, commercial courses must be eliminated from the elementary school. They do not pay, mentally or otherwise, and in the long run they turn out to be "penny wise, pound foolish." Let us realize once for all that it is fundamentally important to train the child in the "common branches" before taking up commercial subjects. Elementary education must give its whole time and attention towards getting the raw material into shape. This is the work to be accomplished, intensively and exclusively, in the grammar grades. Then and there it must be thoroughly done, else the mind will not be able, or the hand either, to grapple with practical problems of commerce. Today ideas, skill, power, at least elementary, are indispensable in business training. "You cannot take good flour from the mill unless you put good wheat into the hopper."

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NOTE AND COMMENT

A Timely Invocation

"A SAD interest," says the London *Tablet*, "attaches to the 'Catholic Who's Who' for 1917." It finds that nearly thirty close-packed pages are devoted to recording the deaths of 702 Catholic officers who have given their lives for their country since the war began. And yet even this list, as it adds, tells only half of the terrible story, as many more have fallen since the volume went to press. What if we were to draw up the Catholic honor rolls of Germany and France and Austria and Belgium, and of the other countries engaged in the present conflict? May our prayers help to avert a similar fate from the flower of our own Catholic laity and clergy. "From pestilence, famine and war, O Lord deliver us!"

Idolatry Surviving in the United States

IT is a discredit to our country and to Catholics in the United States, Father Ketcham properly reminds us, that the worship of the sun and other idolatrous rites should still survive in our land so many centuries after the planting of the Cross upon American soil. "There should be no professing pagans in the United States. Our pagan Indian populations are plague spots on our civilization." Totally to cure this leprous stain and to spread over it the healing balm of the Christian Faith must be the desire of every Catholic heart. Last year's response to the appeal for the Indian Mission schools marked a notable increase in the total amount of contributions, which rose to \$9,992.29. "We thank God," writes the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Missions to its benefactors, "that we have been able, for the most part, to keep up the mission schools, albeit they have been carried on in great poverty and distress. However, in many localities there is a disposition to go forward, to make progress, and it is a sore disappointment to be unable to provide the necessary assistance to extend the work, so that the light of the Christian Faith may shine into every nook and corner of pagan territory."

The Literary Style of Cardinal Manning

WE have been accustomed to think of Cardinal Manning as the great representative of the Church in the practical affairs of men, and the arbiter between the clashing interests

of capital and labor; while Cardinal Newman has been associated in our thoughts with the ideal of a champion of the Church in the world of letters. It is particularly interesting therefore to note that in a private conversation upon the study of style, quoted in *Nautilus*, Ruskin recommended Cardinal Manning as the only typical model selected by him from among all the great literary leaders of the day. "For the purest and simplest speech of modern times read Cardinal Manning." Such was part of the advice given to George Wharton James in answer to an inquiry how he might obtain style in writing and speaking. In a very characteristic way, which throws still further light upon Ruskin's admiration of the great Cardinal's literary style by illustrating his own ideals of simplicity and directness, the author of "Modern Painters" concluded: "And there are critics who say you should study what I have written and I agree with them; except that they recommend 'Modern Painters' and rhetorical works of that kind, while I would commend 'Ethics of the Dust,' 'Crown of Wild Olive,' and 'Sesame and Lilies' as the three books that contain the best of all that I have written."

The Payers of the War-Debt

WRITING on "War Debts and Future Peace," in the March *Century*, Joseph E. Davies of the Federal Trade Commission gives figures which indicate what a heavy heritage of debt the warring nations of Europe will leave for future generations to pay.

The direct cost of the war to all the belligerent countries is about \$110,000,000 a day, as contrasted with a daily income of approximately \$130,000,000 a day. . . . In other words the daily direct war-cost is a sum nearly five times as great as the daily savings of these nations in peace and in times of greatest prosperity. . . . It will probably be safe to conclude that a thousand years in the future the English people will be paying taxes to meet the interest on the debts now incurred. . . . If the present war in Europe were to end within the next six months, the total war-debt of the warring nations would probably approach the enormous sum of 130 billion dollars. This is a sum greater than the total national wealth of either England or Germany; it is in excess of the national wealth of France and Italy combined. The interest charged on this sum alone would exceed the total expenditures of all the warring nations for all governmental purposes, civil and military, during the last year of peace, \$6,400,000,000.

If the men and women who will be living 500 years from now are to share the economic burdens of the present war, universal disarmament and a permanent peace, in Mr. Davies' opinion, is the only reparation the present generation can make them.

A Protestant Eulogy on Catholic Education

WE shall seek far to find a more eloquent tribute to the wisdom of the Catholic Church in her work of education than the following enlightened eulogy which appeared in the pages of the *New England Journal of Education*. It is from the pen of a Protestant apologist:

There is one Church which makes religion essential to education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods and priests imprint their religion on souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. They ingrain their faith in human hearts when most plastic to the touch. Are they wrong? Are they stupid? Are they ignorant that they found schools, academies, colleges in which religion is taught? Not if a man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right, then we are wrong.

Looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase, with ours we shall decrease. We

are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics, retaining their religious education and we our heathen schools, will gaze upon cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting houses will be turned into barns. Let them go on teaching religion to the children, and let us go on educating our children without recognition of God, and they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of Plymouth Pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession. We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears, but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There is question not merely of preserving the Church, which can never fail, but of preserving Christian civilization itself. A heathen school, as the writer correctly styles every educational institution from which religion is excluded, can produce a heathen population only. The brief Sunday-school lesson, or the religious home education received from parents whose indifference permits their children to be educated in such a school, may delay but cannot stay the general retrogression of a nation into paganism.

Is the Catholic Church a Political Party?

THE religious persecution of Catholics in Georgia has called forth from the Bishop of Savannah a Lenten pastoral in which the current calumnies against the Church and her children are convincingly refuted. While those who credit or repeat such falsehoods may often be excused on the score of ignorance, "for they know not what they do," yet the fact remains that such a condition is both a disgrace and a calamity for any State in which it may exist. The Roman populace shouted its execration upon the earliest brethren of our Faith when Christian blood was poured forth freely on the sands of the arena. "The desire to crush the Church," says Bishop Keiley, "is as strong now as then, and in place of murder the present-day enemies of the Church resort to misrepresentation." In answer to the charge that Catholics form a political party he bases his remarks upon the statistics of 1906 and says:

According to the report, Catholics exceed all other denominations combined in the following States: Arizona, Connecticut, Colorado; they are nearly equal to all others combined in Illinois, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Nevada, Michigan, Wisconsin, Wyoming; they have an overwhelming majority in Massachusetts, Maine, Louisiana, Montana, New Mexico, Rhode Island, Vermont. Yet, if we mistake not, only one of these States has a Catholic governor. According to the same report, the Catholic population exceeds that of any other one denomination in thirty States, is second in six States, third in seven states, and fourth in two States. Some of the States in which the Catholic church-membership is equal to or surpasses the combined Protestant church-membership, are always in the Democratic column, some in the Republican column; all of which goes to show that Catholics vote the same as other people, and never vote together, even when one of their own Church members is running for the highest office in the State. . . . Did you ever hear of Catholic societies organized for the purpose of preventing Protestants from obtaining positions? I have never heard of such societies. . . .

Catholic citizens have the same right as any others to aspire to political office, while Catholic voters are to select the fittest man. There is only one righteous complaint that non-Catholics may urge against the members of the Catholic Church in this regard. It is that Catholics give too slight consideration to the unfitness for office of men who have been palpably unjust to the Church, since injustice to any American institution, and particularly to one whose high mission is the teaching of patriotism as a Divinely imposed obligation, is proof absolute that the official who thus conducts himself cannot be trusted to deal fairly with any other American institution when selfish motives intervene. Ignorance is no excuse. It is his duty to

acquaint himself with the loyalty of Catholics from sources other than those offered him by their professed and bitter enemies.

Father Noll's Clock

THE finger of Father Noll's clock on the front page of *Our Sunday Visitor*, indicating the sum lately contributed by its readers to the home and foreign mission fund, points somewhere between \$25,000 and \$26,000. But the very first of the campaign notes tells again the immemorial story, "Our biggest assistance comes from small parishes." Now is the proper time to introduce the mission interest permanently into every Catholic home, rich as well as poor. Why should the extension of the Faith throughout the world be chiefly dependent upon the pennies and the prayers of the poor? As an example of what the better-off can do the following letter to *Our Sunday Visitor* may be quoted:

We have a family of eight: father, mother, and six children. We began last Sunday to place all odd pennies we found in our pockets each day in a box provided for the purpose. Sunday at noon mother opened the box, and the total was found to be ninety-eight cents; two cents were added making the first dollar. We propose to continue this and send you the proceeds every week. Now if this little scheme were followed in many of our families the total would be a welcome surprise to you.

One of the good resolutions of Lent, that might be acted upon, would be to subscribe to one of our excellent mission journals in order always to keep in view this important apostolate. Like the paper already mentioned, the *Lamp* is conducting a campaign to raise \$25,000 for the foreign missions. The total of its "Self-Denial Week" last year was \$15,000. AMERICA is glad to forward to their proper destination any contributions sent here for the foreign missions.

The Philippine Divorce Law

FORGETTING that it is to the Catholic Church that the people of the Philippines owe all the civilization and culture which they possess, and that it was due to her wise and salutary marriage laws, that the women of the islands have been emancipated from the thralldom in which they were formerly held, Manuel Quezon made a fierce onslaught some time ago in the Senate of the Philippines on all those who opposed the iniquitous divorce bill which he and his supporters were endeavoring to fasten upon their fellow-citizens. He bitterly assailed both the Bishops and the Jesuits who had dared to protest against the measure and raised the old cry, which has done such yeoman service for the enemies of the Faith, that they were meddling in politics and trying to dictate the policy of the Government. The *Manila Daily Bulletin* gives the speech in full. It does not afford a single valid argument for the passage of the measure, and relies evidently for the impression it seems to have made upon the Senate, on its virulence and its hollow rhetoric. Manuel Quezon is proving himself an unpatriotic and dangerous demagogue. He is working for a measure which, as Senator Capistrano told the Senate, is not wanted by the majority of the Philippine people, and which, if passed, will sap the very foundations of society and of the home. The fearless Catholic paper, *Libertas*, made a splendid fight for the rejection of the bill and unmasked the sophistries and illogical arguments of Quezon and his party. There is a lesson in all this. American Catholics should take a deeper interest in the welfare of their Catholic brethren in the Philippines. They cannot in honor stand by and see them robbed of the Faith, nor rest indifferent to the deadly peril which threatens the peace and the happiness and purity of their homes. A divorce law foisted upon the Filipinos is the worst of slaveries.